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THE
L I F E
AND
ADVENTURES
OF

Lazarillo Gonsales,
Surnamed *de Tormes.*

Written by Himself. *N*

Translated from the Original SPANISH, and
illustrated with Sixteen Copper Plates, neatly
engraved.

In TWO PARTS.

The NINETEENTH EDITION, corrected.



L O N D O N :

Printed for S. BLADON, in Paternoster-Row.

M,DCC,LXXVII.

THE
L. I. T. B.
AND
ADVANCEMENT
OF

Learning & Industry



LONDON
Printed for S. Bland, in Paternoster-Row.
M.DCC.LXXVII.

~~NOT TO BE PRINTED~~

THE
EDITOR
TO THE
READER.

THE following Work was originally written in *Spanish*, and has been so favourably received by the Public, that it has been printed almost in all Languages, and gone through Eighteen Editions in *English*. The present is copied

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from

from an Edition printed at *Brussels*, being much more correct and perfect (as the Publisher of it says) than any other, and illustrated with Sixteen Engravings, designed by that celebrated Artist *Herewyn*. I shall not enlarge this Preface with Encomiums of the Advantage this Edition has, more than any other yet extant, as the Editor of that at *Brussels* has done, but leave the Whole to the Judgment of the Reader.

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AP.

THE
L I F E
AND
ADVENTURES
OF
Lazarillo de Tormes.

PART I.

CHAP. I.

*Of his Parents and Birth, and of his Mother's
Amours with a Black.*

IMAGINING some account of my extraction will be expected, as a fit preamble to the story of my adventures, such as are curious about my pedigree may please to be inform'd, that I am son to *Thomas Gonzales* by his wife *Antoinette Perez*, natives of *Tejarez*, a suburb of the famous city of *Salamanca*; my name *Lazarillo de Tormes*, from the river so called, and for the following reason:—My father (God rest his soul!) had possessed, for fifteen years together, a mill upon that river, and was eminent in his station. My mother, being late there one night, was surprized with her pains, and being unable

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to

to carry her burden any further, was delivered of her hopeful *Lazarillo*, who thereby rightly became entitled to bear the additional name of *Tormos*.

I was scarce arriv'd to the age of eight, when my father, being convicted of bleeding his customers sacks, suffered with such exemplary justice the reward appointed by the law in cases of that nature, that his friends have ground some hope he's amongst the number of the saints.

As soon as he got rid of his afflictions, being banish'd from his country, he took the opportunity of an expedition against the *Moors*; which being admitted to take care of an office baggage, his master soon after dying, he, by means of a faithful servant, follow'd him into the other world.

My mother, thus left destitute, resolv'd to live a better life, in hopes of the assistance of well-disposed persons; to which purpose coming to the city, she took a little house, where, amongst other like occupations, she was employ'd in washing for the grooms and footmen. Belonging to a person of quality's family, and by that means frequenting the stables, she became acquainted with a *Moor* that tended the horses, and being deeply taken with his charms, they soon arriv'd to so good an understanding, that the gallant coming frequently to our habitation in the evening, seldom thought of detaching lodging before the morning; nor was that for we were frequently visited by his *Moorship*.

* Being whipt through the whole town, and the city as imprinted upon his shoulders.

vered day-time, under pretence of buying eggs,
ightly (God knows) my mother kept no fowls.
ne of was but ill affected to that correspondence at
first, being somewhat frightened with his pi-
when l mien and dark complexion, and therefore
cued to murmur at his freedom in coming to our
y pouse; but perceiving that his visits occasioned
catter cheer than ordinary in the family, I be-
nd me more complaisant: and he seldom let us
e him without a joint of good meat in his
being, providing us both with bread and wine,
ort d firing in the Winter.

Amongst the other effects of such a commerce,
ce which could not long be altogether undiscov'rd,
ly mother presented us one morning with a
oth etty little *Moor*, which fell to my share to rock.

One day the *Negro* was playing with my little
d mother, and the child observing the difference
ce between our complexions and its father's, O
mi *ama*, the ugly beast! cry'd the child, turning
he towards my mother; at which the father laugh-
e g, called his son a little *bastard*.

Young as I was, my little brother's exclama-
a on made me consider, that many a one pretends
to pull a mote out of his neighbour's eye, with-
out thinking of the beam in his own.

But so mischance would have it, that the
ward of the family coming to be informed of
hal *Zaide*) our dada's intrigues, and more narrowly
atching his behaviour, perceived that he stole
ne half of the oats which was given him for the
porses, and that the bran, wood, leather, brushes,
overings for the horses, and all the *et cetera*'s
elonging to the stables, daily disappeared, under

pretence of being lost; and all that not being sufficient to provide for my mother's and subsistence, the charitable *Moor* was at trouble to unshoe the horses to increase our store.

All these, with many other items, being prov'd upon him, I was at last with grievous threats interrogated upon his accusation, and was pleas'd, in hopes to save my own bacon, confess a great deal more than I was either asking or than I really knew, informing my interrogators, amongst other things, that I had been employed by my mother to sell some old iron that had been given her by the *Moor*.

Our honest father-in-law was whipp'd at cart's tail, *in forma amplissima*, and my mother was forbid, under pain of corporal punishment ever to go near the family, or to admit any more of her gallant's visits.

She, good woman, resolving to make the best of a bad market, submitted calmly to the sentence. But to be rid of a bad neighborhood, too well acquainted with her adventures, she thought fit to change her habitation; so after which she got a petty service in an inn where she had no small difficulty to rear her little brat. For my part, I was big enough to run about of errands, and perform other little offices for the guests.

C H A P. II.

How Lazarillo was put out by his Mother to serve a blind Man, and the Tricks they play'd each other.

It happen'd a blind man came to the inn, and hearing some discourse of me, whereby he judg'd me fit for his turn, he easily obtained my mother's consent, who told him, *that I was the son of a good father, who died for the defence of the country at the battle of Gelves; that she hoped, by the grace of God, I should be father's son; and that in the mean time, being a poor orphan, she made no doubt but he would be a father to me.*

My new master promised more than she desired, assuring her he'd look upon me, not as a servant, but a son. After which I enter'd into the functions of my office, which was to lead and serve my afore said, new to me, but otherwise old master.

He stay'd some days at *Salamanca*; but not finding his account there, he soon resolv'd to change his lodge. My mother gave me her parting blessing with tears. *Child (said she) my mind gives me that I shall never see thee more; be an honest man, and God bless thee! I have brought thee up with no small care, and I have provided thee a good master; thou must make the best on't.*

I accordingly went to attend my master, who on my coming directly quitted *Salamanca*. When I came to the bridge, I espied at the entry a figure of stone like a bull. My master bid me go near it, and when I was there, *Lazarillo,*

quoth the old man, *listen a little, and thou'lt hear a great noise in the bull's belly.* I was fool enough to take all for good coin; but as soon as I thought my head was near it, he push'd it confoundedly towards the damn'd animal, till it was almost split; and I'm sure I remember the playing at hard-head eight days afterwards.

My simplicity proved good sport to my employer, who, for my comfort, said, *Poor fellow, dost thou not know that a blind man's boy should be wittier than the Devil?* I was an apt scholar, and finding myself, as it were, roused up from childish innocence, I thought within myself I was in the right on't, and that I must get my wits about me, and ply my business; or what should become of me in the condition I was, God help me! a poor forlorn creature without any support or friend.

In the prosecution of our journey, I learnt the cant in a few days, in which he was mightily pleased to find me so good a proficient, and seeming to be very much taken with my wit. *Friend Lazarillo* (quoth he) *I can give thee neither gold nor silver, but the want of that I can supply with store of good instructions for earning thy bread, and behaving thyself in the world; nor shalt thou lack any thing with me.* And indeed he was good as his word; for I may safely say, that after God, he was my chief benefactor, and as blind as he was, he enlightened me, and put me in a way.

I might have avoided the relation of childish fooleries, if they had not seemed in some measure necessary, as well to prepare for the sequel

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the story, as thence to take an opportunity to observe, that it is equally virtuous in one of mean descent to raise himself, and vicious in a person of noble birth to degenerate from his quality.

But to return to my blind master, and his fits and tricks. The Devil never hatch'd an archer and cunninger old fellow: he had more prayers by heart than all the blind men in *Spain*, which he would recite very distinctly, with a still, grave, and intelligible tone, that would make the church ring, and that in an humble, devout and decent posture, without any of the impertinent grimaces incident to others of his profession.

To these good qualifications he added a thousand pretty inventions to get customers and money. He pretended to have prayers for several necessities and occasions: as for example, For the cure of barrenness in women—for the speedy delivery of those that were in labour—and, in fine, for making peace between husbands and wives.

He likewise pretended to tell women that were with child, whether they should have boys or girls. *Galen* was a fool to him in point of physic: he had a hundred cures for the tooth-ach, and for fits and vapours; nor could any patient come amiss to him. You must do so and so, would he cry to one, and thus and thus to another; take this root, gather that herb. And by such methods he drew a multitude of people after him, especially women, who took all he said for Gospel, and swore only by their Blind Man.

And indeed they were his best customers, for by their means, and the use of his own artifices in a month's time he alone made better advantage than all the blind men in *Spain* in a whole year. Yet, with all his profits, he was the most sordid and avaricious dog that ever I came near; for, not contented with starving me, he would scarce afford a bit of victuals for himself.

Though a simpleton would have been at his wits end with him, in spite of all his cunning I commonly had my good share; to which end I applied myself to some little tricks and stratagems, of which I am now about to make an ingenuous recital, though I cannot say they always answered my expectation.

He carried the bread and provisions that were given him in a canvass bag, which he shut with an iron ring and a padlock, and never opened without observing such precautions, that the Devil himself could not have come at a crumb.

The share allowed me was so pitiful, that I hardly made a couple of mouthfuls of it; but after my patron had shut his bag, and laid it aside, (when he believed I was taken up with other business,) I used to approach the bag with all humility, and ripping up the seam, took out, besides a reasonable quantity of bread, many a good morsel of hog's flesh and other eatables, and then sewed it handsomely up again; inasmuch that, though I was seldom afflicted with any thing of superfluity, I was in no great danger of dying of hunger.

What

What small matter of money I could get out of him, I always carried in *deniers about me, and when any body gave him an alms, the minute the †double was out of their hand it flew into my mouth, and holding a denier ready, let his hand be as quick as it would, it did not come too soon for his change, which he found reduced to one half; of which he would often complain to me, finding by his hand it was but half a double, saying, *How the Devil comes this, Lazarillo? I get hardly any thing but deniers since thou art with me, though formerly they never gave me a smaller coin than doubles, and often more. I must attribute that ill luck to thee.*

Nor did he, on the other hand, resolve to ruin himself, but ordered me to acquaint him the minute those that employed him to pray for them were gone; and as soon as I gave his cloak, he pulled he left off †praying, beginning afresh with his invitation—*Good people, I'll say a prayer for such or such a saint!* And this he would say with such an audible and settled voice, that nobody could avoid taking notice of him, without being as deaf as he was blind.

* A sort of foreign money, of which twelve go to a penny.

† Twice the value of a denier,

‡ The reader is to understand, that in Popish countries their ignorance and superstition leads them to employ not only priests, but all other pretenders to sanctity and devotion; to pray for them.

C H A P. III.

Lazarillo cheats the old Man of his Wine, but at last is discovered, and dearly pays for it.

AT meals the old man used always to keep his wine in an earthen mug, which he set between his legs, from whence I used, as often as I could, to move it slyly to my head, and after giving it a hearty kiss, returned it to the place from whence it came. But my master being as cunning as I was sly, and finding his draughts were shorten'd, after that always held the mug by the handle.

That new precaution proved but a whet to my industry; for by means of a reed, one end of which I put into the pot, I used to drink with more satisfaction and conveniency than before; till the traitor, I suppose, hearing me suck, rendered my darling machine useless, by keeping one hand upon the mouth of the can.

Used to wine as I then was, I could more easily have dispensed with my shirt; and that exigency put me upon a fresh invention of making a hole near the bottom of the mug, which stopping with a little wax, at dinner-time I took the opportunity to tap the can, and getting my head between the old man's legs, received into my mouth the delicious juice with all the decency imaginable. So that the old man, not knowing to what he should impute the continual leakage of his liquor, used to swear and domineer, wishing both the wine and the pot were at the Devil.

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You won't accuse me any more, I hope (cry'd I) of drinking your wine, after all the fine precautions you have taken to prevent it. To that he said not a word; but feeling all about the pot, he at last unluckily discovered the hole, which cunningly dissembling at that time, he let me alone, till next day at dinner, not dreaming, God knows, of the old man's malicious intention, but getting in between his legs, according to my wonted custom, receiving into my mouth the distilling dew, and pleasing myself with the success of my own ingenuity, my eyes upward, but half shut, the furious tyrant, taking up the sweet but hard pot with both his hands, flung it down again with all his force upon my face; by the violence of which blow, imagining the house had fallen upon my head, I lay sprawling without any sentiment or judgment, my forehead, nose and mouth gushing out with blood, and the latter full of broken teeth and broken pieces of the can.

From that time forward I ever abominated the monstrous old churl, and in spite of all his flattering stories, could easily observe how my punishment tickled the old rogue's fancy.

He washed my sores with wine, and with a smile, he said *¿thau* (quoth he) Lazarillo, the thing that has thee, now restores thee health? Courage, my boy. But all his raillery could not make me change my mind.

When I found myself in a way of recovery, I began to consider that a few such blows would make an end of me; and therefore determining to leave my master, I resolved I would not do it till I found a convenient opportunity to be re-

venge of him for all the injuries he had done me. I was much confirmed in that resolution by the continual ill usage I met with afterwards: He was almost always beating me, and every now and then would give me a damnable push with his stick; the hair was almost all pull'd off my head; and if any tender-hearted body seem'd to chide him for his cruelty, all the answer he gave them was the story of the pot—*You fancy, may be* (said he) *he's a poor innocent boy! Could the Devil have play'd an archer trisk than that?*

At that the hearers would cross themselves, and tell him, *Nobody could ever have thought that such a little rogue as I could have been master of such stratagems*; and so going away laughing, *Don't spare him, don't spare him*, would they cry, *God will reward you!* And well do I remember, that though he was blind, he was not deaf to that advice, which my poor bones did sufficiently experience.

On the other hand, I omitted no opportunity of revenge, leading him always through the nastiest and most stony passages, being satisfied to lame one of my own feet, so as the blind man might break both his legs. And indeed that policy cost me dear enough, for at every false step the old devil would give me a damn'd thump, and such a pull by the hair, that in a little time he hardly left a bit of skin upon my head. It was in vain to swear the roads were bad, the old rogue was not fool enough to believe me; and you may see, by the following story, that he was not so easily to be imposed upon.

C H A P. IV.

The Blind Man and Lazarillo eat a Cluster of Grapes together. A Pudding converted into a Parsnip, and what happened thereupon.

WHEN we left Salamanca, he resolved to return to Toledo, where, though he thought the people were not so kind, he very well knew they were richer, and liked better the neighbourhood of rich misers than charitable beggars. And so taking our journey, we were sure to halt at the fattest villages, where we staid till the people were weary of us, and then jogged on; but when we came to any poor hole, we were sure to leave it with all possible haste.

It was in the time of the vintage that we came to a village called *Almorex*, where a countryman, out of charity, giving us a cluster of grapes, my master would have kept it till next day; but finding it was very ripe, and a little bruised in the basket, he resolved to eat it, and would needs take that opportunity to shew me a little kindness, after he had been chiding and beating me the whole day over. So setting ourselves down by a hedge. *Come hither, Lazarillo, (quoth the old churl) let us enjoy ourselves a little, and eat these raisins together; of which, that we may share like brothers, do you take but one at a time, and be sure not to cheat me; and I promise you, for my part, I shall take no more.* That I readily agreed to, and so we began our banquet; but at the very second time the traitor took a couple, believing, I suppose, that I should do the same: and

and indeed, finding he had shewn me the way, I made no scruple all the while to take two, three, or four at a time, sometimes more and sometimes less, as conveniently I could.

When we had done, the old man shook his head, and holding the stalk in his hand, *Thou hast cheated me, Lazarillo, (quoth he) for I could take my oath that thou hast taken three at a time. — Who, I! I beg your pardon (quoth I). My conscience is as dear to me as another's.*

Pafs that jest upon another (answer'd the old fox). *You saw me take two at a time without complaining of it, and therefore you took three.* At that I could hardly forbear laughing, and at the same time admired the justness of his reasoning.

I will not weary the reader with all the other stories of my adventures in the service of my blind master, but shall conclude with this one, which was the last.

We lodged at an inn at *Escalona*, the capital of the duchy of that name; and there, one night, having put a fat pudding to roast upon a skewer, when he had eat the sops he made me lay under it, he jollily gave me a **marvedje* to go fetch some wine. Opportunity, they say, makes a thief. The Devil was busy, and the pudding had a delicious smell; and (which was worst of all, I espied in the corner of the chimney a parsnip, half rotten, and there being nobody in the room but his blind Donship and myself, I laid hold of the opportunity, while he was pulling out his purse, to exchange the
parsnip

* A little brass coin, three of which are worth an half penny.



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snip for the pudding ; and so going to fetch wine, while I feasted myself with that precious bit, the old man was not a little busied roasting a nasty root, which had been thought worthy of boiling.

When I came back, he was squeezing the snip between two pieces of bread, believing it was the pudding ; but perceiving his mistake by the taste, he grew pale with fury, and asked me what the devil was the matter.

Is not this a strange matter (quoth I) that every thing must be laid to my charge? And now, while I have been out for your wine, some rogue or another has play'd you this trick, and I must be blam'd for't.

No, no, young man, (cried he) the skewer has not been out of my hand, and no body has been here. I vow'd and swore I knew nothing of the matter, but all to no purpose ; there was no imposing upon that cunning hell-hound.

Up he got, and taking me by the shoulders, he in the next place opened my mouth as wide as he could with both his hands, to smell my breath ; he ran his nasty nose half way down my throat, with which being almost choaked, the want of breath, and above all the pannic fear with which I was seized, made me cast up the ill-digested pudding with violence in his face ; when I could have wished to have been an hundred foot under ground, not doubting but I was already as dead as a herring. And indeed his cholera was rais'd to such a point, that if the people had not come to my assistance, he had certainly cut my throat. They tore me out of his hands, which were full of the little hairs that

that remained from our former skirmishes ; my face was all scratch'd, my chin and back part of my head perfectly flead, and all my body bruised. But well did I deserve that last strapado ; for that was the source of all my future misfortunes.

Every one that came in, or passed by the door, was entertained with the story of my worthy actions ; that of the pot, the other of the bunch of grapes, and this last of the pudding, were twenty times told over. They were all like to burst with laughter ; and so comically did he recite my famous deeds, that, sore and bruised as I was, I thought I should have done him a piece of injustice not to laugh as fast as the rest.

But after all, considering his taunts and calumnies, I never could forgive myself the loss of the fair opportunity he had given me to bite off his worm-eaten nose, whereby I might have revenged myself of all his former injuries, since only by closing my jaws I might have secured the wolf. My stomach would certainly have kept the treacherous nose much better than it did the pudding ; and if he had ask'd it of me, I might fairly have denied it. What a blockhead was I not to do it ! for surely, then he could never have convicted me of stealing the pudding by its smell.

The landlady and the rest of the company made the peace ; my face and neck were washed with the same wine I had been sent to fetch, and the merry old dog could not forbear his jest. *That young rogue (said my master) costs me more wine in washings, in one year, than I drink in two.*

Thou'rt

thou'rt certainly more obliged to the grape, Lazarillo, than to thy father; thou receivedst thy life but from him, but wine restores it to thee daily. Afterwards he told them how often he had scratch'd and bled my face, and how much wine he had used in washing and curing of it. Thou'lt be happy in wine (quoth he) if ever any dy was so. At which the by-standers laughed very heartily, and I was in as great a rage.

I believe the old man had a spirit of prophecy, since what he then foretold did afterwards come to pass; and though he did not often forget to reproach me heartily for my trouble, I never can sink, without some remorse, upon the tricks that I have play'd him.

CHAP. V.

Lazarillo persuades the old Man to make an ugly-Jump, and then leaves him.

HOWEVER, being dissatisfied with the usage I received, I positively resumed my former resolution to leave him, which I accordingly put in execution in the following manner:—

We went next day to follow our trade in the city. It had rain'd all the night long, and did not cease all the day. We had shelter'd ourselves under the covert of a great gate, where it intercepted all comers and goers. When night came on, the rain still continuing, Lazarillo (quoth the old wretch) *this rain is not likely to give over; 'twill be very troublesome when it grows late, and therefore let's get home betimes.*

In

In our way we were to cross a kennel that was become a little river. *Father* (quoth I) *the stream is very large here, but if you'll go about a little, I see yonder a place where we may leap over without wetting ourselves.*

He was mightily pleased with my advice. *Thou art in the right an't, good boy* (quoth he) *and I love thee with all my heart, Lazarillo. Lead me to the place thou speak'st of; the water is very dangerous in Winter, and especially to have one's feet wet.*

I thought this so fair an opportunity to revenge myself was by no means to be neglected and posting myself precisely opposite a great stone pillar that supported the corner of a house on the other side of the way, *Here, father* (quoth I) *is the narrowest place of all the kennel you may leap over it at once.*

It rained very hard, the blind man was very wet and weary, and longed mightily for a shelter. The disorder he was in made him forget all his cunning, and Fortune afforded me that opportunity of revenge; so that, trusting entirely to me for once, *Be sure set me in the right place* *Lazarillo* (quoth he) *and then do you go over first.*

I obeyed his orders, and set him exactly before the pillar; then leaping over, posted myself behind it, looking upon him as a man would do upon a mad bull. *Now your jump* (quoth I) *and you may get over safely, without ever touching the water.*

I had scarce done speaking, when the blind man, like a ram that's fighting, ran three steps backwards, to take his start with the great
vigour





gour; and his head came with such vengeance against the stone pillar, that he fell back into the kennel half dead.

How now, uncle, (quoth I). Had you so good a vent when you was snuffing for the pudding, and it could not smell this great pillar? But now I have you to smell your fill. Then resigning my blind, bruised, wet, old, cross, cunning master, to the care of the mob that was gathered about him, I made the best of my heels, without ever looking about till I had got the town-gate upon my back; and thence, marching on a merry pace, I arrived before night at *Torrigo*.—After which I never heard any news of the blind man, nor indeed was I even at the trouble to enquire for any.

CH A P. VI.

Lazarillo goes to serve a Priest at Maqueda. His Condition there.

BUT not believing my person in security at *Torrigo*, I next day moved my quarters to another village further off, called *Maqueda*, where, for my sins, I met with a priest, whom, by his air, I took to be the curate of the parish, as indeed he proved to be. I asked an alms of him; and the first thing he asked me was, whether I could serve at mass? I answered I could, and did not lie; for tho' the old man used me otherwise but scurvily (to his praise be it spoken) he taught me abundance of fine things, and that amongst the rest.

In

In short, the priest took me into his service; and thereby I fell out of the frying-pan into the fire. Though the blind man was as greedy as the Devil, he was a prodigal in comparison with the priest, who was the very quintessence of avarice; which, whether he inherited by blood, or by his profession, I don't know.

He had a great antique chest, of which the key hung upon a lace that was made fast to his jacket; and as soon as he came from church with the bread of the offering, he put all the bits in it, and lock'd it up again most carefully.

In other houses a body will seldom miss of a piece of bacon hanging in the chimney, a good cheese in the cupboard, or some such thing; but the devil of any thing like it in all my cursed master's possession, or at least not any for me.

Our whole store consisted of a rope of onions, lock'd up in a garret, of which one was allow'd for my provision every four days; and when I ask'd the key to take my portion, if any body was by, my liberal master would give it me, with a severe charge to bring it back immediately, telling me *I never thought of any thing but my belly all the day over*: so that the company might think all the confections of *Valencia* had been in the curate's store house, though, God knows, there was nothing within that door but the onions, and an old rusty nail they hung upon; and so well did his priesthood know the number of his onions, that if I unluckily at any time exceeded my allowance, it cost me dear.

But though I was almost starved, it was quite otherwise with my master: he had his regular portion

portion of good meat at dinner and supper, of which I never tasted a bit in his service, but was glad to take up with a little drop of broth, and a bit of bread; and if I had had enough of that I had thought myself very happy.

'Tis allowable in *Valencia* to eat sheeps heads on a *Saturday*; and sending me one day to buy one, which cost three *marvedies*, when it was dressed his mastership eat the eyes, brain, tongue, and all the flesh about the jaws, and, in short, when he had reduced it to the very anatomy of a sheep's head, giving me the dish, *Here sirrah*, (quoth he) *eat heartily; make one good meal in thy life-time, and own thou farest better than the Pope. — God send thee no better food all thy life-time!* I mutter'd I between my teeth.

By that time I had lived three weeks with the priest, I was become so weak that I could hardly stand upon my legs; and if God Almighty had not mercifully prevented it, I was running in a full career to the grave. However I could not help it, and if I had been a thousand times cunninger than I was, I could not have met with an opportunity to exert my faculties. The priest was not blind as the poor wretch that split his skull against the pillar. There were an hundred opportunities of cheating the blind man, with all his cunning; but the Devil could not blind the clear-sighted curate.

When we received the offering, not an ace fell into the basin but he recorded it, having an admirable memory for those affairs: he had always one eye upon the parishioners, and another on my hands, so that there was no possibility of coming

coming in for a snack. The minute the offering was over he took the bason out of my hand, and set it upon the altar, so that during all the time I lived (or rather died) with him, I never could finger a *solse*.

I never had the trouble of going to fetch him any wine from the tavern; for so nicely did he manage that little which was given him at the offerings on *Sundays* (which he lock'd up in his trunk) that it lasted him all the week long; and the better to dissemble his avarice, he would tell me that the clergy ought to live in an exemplary sobriety, and that he never would follow the bad example of some of his neighbours. But the greedy glutton lyed like the Devil; for when he got to any feast at a fraternity, or a burying, he would lay about him like a wolf, and drink like a fish.

And now I am talking of death (God forgive me!) I never desired my neighbour's death so much as at that time, because that was the only means to preserve my life, being sure of a good meal at the burying; and therefore it was my earnest prayer, every morning, that God would call unto his rest at least one of our parishioners every day.

When we went to carry the holy unction to any of the parishioners, the priest needed not bid me pray for the sick person; I was of my own accord sufficiently inclined to do that, earnestly desiring (not as the custom is, that he would dispose of them according to his holy will, but) that they might speedily be received into Paradise; and if after that it happened that

my body recovered (Lord pardon me for it!) I
 wish'd them at the Devil with all my heart;
 whereas I accompanied with a thousand bene-
 dictions the corpse of those who peaceably left
 the world, and by their departure entitled me to
 lusty supper.

However, during all the time of my service
 with the curate (which was about six months)
 there did not die above twenty persons; nor
 had they neither, I believe, if God Almighty,
 seeing the danger I was in of dying of hunger,
 had not heard my fervent prayers for the pre-
 servation of my own dear life. And, in the
 mean, all that was but a slender comfort; for
 my high living on burying days exceedingly in-
 creased the misery of my common entertainment,
 and rendered hunger more insupportable; so
 that I sometimes wished myself dead as heartily
 as I did other people, and that especially when
 nobody else would die. But in short, though
 Death seem'd to be always at the door, he would
 never come in.

I often entertained thoughts of leaving my
 place, which I had done much sooner if I had
 not been deterred from it for two considerations.
 The first was, that I durst not trust to my legs,
 so weaken'd by my frequent fasting that I did
 not believe they could carry me three miles: the
 other, considering that my first master had half
 starved me, and the second by the same means
 had brought me to the brink of the grave, there-
 fore I fancied if I left him I should meet with a
 third, worse than them both, that would cer-
 tainly make an end of me. Wherefore I did

not

not, for a long time, take any positive resolution, being still afraid of falling into wrong hands, whereby the world might soon be rid of the poor unlucky *Lazarillo*.

Besides these, I had another important reason not to leave so soon the curate's service. He had already taught me to read, and I was beginning to write, but had not then learned enough to qualify myself for future business: and indeed I found the pen of no small use to me in my after employment of *Public Cryer*; nor could I, read without it, have obliged you with this history of my famous actions.

C H A P. VII.

Lazarillo meets very seasonably with a Tinker.

BUT for all those reasons of policy, 'twas a damn'd hard matter for me to resist much longer the cruellest enemy of mankind, *Hunger*. But not knowing how to better myself, while I was contriving some means for my evasion, one day the priest being out of doors, a tinker came to mend pots and kettles (if I may not rather call him an angel in disguise, sent by heaven to deliver me from all my misery and sorrow). When he ask'd me, whether we had any thing to mend? *Alas! friend*, (quoth I) *if you could mend what's amiss with me, you should have work enough.* But having no time to lose, *Master* (quoth I) *I have lost the key of yonder great trunk, and my master will break my bones; for God's sake see if, amongst all them you have got about you,*





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There be never a one that will serve my turn! You could do me a great service, and I would pay you thankfully for it.

The compassionate tinker, without any more ado, began to try his keys, and, when I was past all hopes of succeeding (my most fervent prayers not being wanting) I was of a sudden rejoiced to see the curate's trunk fly open.

That sight was like the opening of heaven to me when I set my eyes upon the loaves that were shut up in it. I told the tinker I had no money to give him, but that he might pay himself in bread; upon which he chose the best loaf he could see, and leaving me the key, went away very contentedly, but not half so overjoyed as I. However, I meddled with nothing that night, being too much afraid the tinker's loaf might be discovered; and besides that, when I had so great a mastery in my power, my hunger abated with plenty, and I was perswaded it never durst tempt me more. The priest came back in the morning, and, as good luck would have it, did not miss his loaf.

There was no sooner out of doors next morning away I went to the blessed chest, and seizing one of the holy loaves, it became invisible in less time than you could say two *pater nosters*; that done, I carefully lock'd the chest, and began to brighten the room with so light a heart, that I was, with my cunning invention, I should say, very happily in time to come. This joy lasted all that day and the next, but my cursed thought that long enough for me to be easy time.

C

The

The very third morning after I had found that noble invention, my devilish master began to search up and down his chest, and reckon loaves over and over again. That cruel search put me in a pannel fear, and I heartily recommended myself to God and all the saints: blessed St. John, (quoth I) *O sweet St. Anthony confound his memory, or put out his eyes!*

When he had spent three quarters of an hour in counting upon his fingers the number of loaves, and the days on which they had been given, *If this chest* (said the miser) *had been any other place, I should have thought that my bread was stolen; but I shall take care to keep a strict account in time to come, that I shall know better what to think. There's now nine and a broken one.*

Nineteen millions of maledictions light upon this churlish head! mutter'd I in my teeth, thinking I saw my heart's blood gushing out when I said these words; for the prospect of the old die which I was about to return, made me sensible of all the horrors of my future hunger before I felt it.

He went out soon after, and I as soon returned to the contemplation of the dear forbidden loaves, and throwing myself upon my knees before them, I counted them with my fingers in hopes the devilish priest might have miscounted the number; but this was to no purpose, being nine loaves and a piece, and no more. All I could do was to kiss them one after another, and cut a little thin slice off that which broke. This was all the assistance I could

that day, and far short of what I could have expected with; for my stomach having been accustomed, for several days together, to a larger allowance than before, the hunger was the worse to bear, and therefore I did little else all the day but open and shut the trunk, to feed at last my eyes upon my master's holy bread.

CHAP. VIII.

Lazarillo turns Mouse.

IN this great exigency of my affairs, my happy genius suggested another thought to procure some assistance, which, though but small, is better than nothing, and partly saved my life. The trunk was old, and shatter'd enough to make one believe the mice might get in to devour the bread; and since I durst not take a whole one, I thought at least I might counterfeit mouse without any danger.

Extremely pleased with this expedient, I began to crumb the bread upon an old napkin that was in the trunk, and when I had made holes three or four, taking the crumbs in the hollow of my hand, I swallowed them like carraway seeds, and feasted myself as heartily as I durst venture.

When dinner-time came, the curate could not fail of discovering the misfortune that had happened to the bread, which, however, was so well counterfeited that he did not question it had been visited by the rats. See here, Lazarillo, (saith he) what a destruction has happened last

night to my bread.—Lord! *What's the matter,* he quoth I.—*The matter!* (answer'd the curate) *What should the matter be, but the damn'd rats and mice, that would eat up the Devil!*

From thence we went to dinner, where thank God, I had more than double profit; besides that he gave me twice as much bread as he used to do, I had all the parings about the parts where he thought the mice had been. *Never fear, Lazarillo* (quoth he) *but eat heartily; a mouse is a very cleanly creature.* So that the day's portion was increased by the work of my own hands, or rather of my own nails.

We made an end of our dinner, if I may call an end of what I never had well begun. But this was a bloody mortification to me, to see the priest rifle all the walls of the house to get together a parcel of old nails, with the help of which, and some bits of boards, he patch'd up all the holes, and the very seams of the trunk. Good God (thought I to myself) *how uncertain are the greatest pleasures of this laborious life! how many miseries, calamities and misfortunes, we are subject to!* Alas! I thought I had found out a cure for my misfortune in some measure; and my cruel stars supply my master with proper means to break my heart. I can impute it to nothing else, and if my misfortune were not in the case, I'm sure the priest is such a blockhead that he could never, of himself, be master of such inventions.

While I was employed in making these and the like reflections, the industrious carpenter was mending all the holes, and covering even the seams of the old chest; and when he had done

ne now, if you dare, Mr. Rat (says the curate, in a heat) *I should desire no better sport! But I think you had better shift elsewhere, for you're like to have but an indifferent time on't here.*

He was no sooner out of the house than I ran to the poor old chest, but to my sorrow found it had not left a hole for a worm to creep thro'; I opened it however, though without any hope of bettering myself. At last I spied the loaves my master had cut and pared, believing they had fallen under the fury of the rats, from whence I ventured to take some slices as thick as a joiner's shavings.

That was such an inconsiderable supply to my hungry paunch, that day and night I thought of nothing else but finding out some means to ease my grief.—Hunger is the mother of invention, and sharpens the wit as much as gluttony blunts it.

One night I was consulting with myself about the fittest method of renewing my assault upon the chest, without discovery. I found, by his audible snoring, that the priest was fast asleep: I got, and with an old rusty oyster-knife I set on purpose for that use, I easily made a passage, big enough for any rat, through a corner of the old, rotten, wormy chest, which I then entered without any noise, and making good large holes in the broken loaves, I swallowed the crumbs, and then ran to my couch to take a little rest, to which my continual fasting had made me a very great stranger; but when I had got a good belly-full, all the king of France's goons could not have waked me.

Next morning the curate, seeing that new disorder, began to swear and storm, and heartily made a present to the Devil of all the rats and mice of *Valencia*.—*What a plague's the matter with them* (quoth the angry man of God) *that must be tormented with that damn'd vermin, and that but of late too!* And indeed he was in the right on't; for, upon my honour, there was not in all the province a family that might be better entitled to such an exception than my churlish master's; for rats are seldom observ'd to frequent an empty cupboard.

To work he fell, and quickly stop't the hole, and I did not fail next night to make another, and thus we went on so long, that the chest had as many pieces in it as a beggar's cloak.

At last he began to consider he lost his time in patching such an old rotten piece of household stuff, which being so shatter'd that a small mouse might easily get through it, he thought, with a little more boring and mending, it would be quite undone. It was death to him to think of laying out three or four crowns for a new one, and therefore, to spare his chest, he was resolv'd to sacrifice his cruel persecutors, by the help of a mouse-trap which was lent him by one of our neighbours, amongst whom he likewise raised a contribution for crusts of cheese, &c. which putting into the trap, he set it in the trunk.

This was a fresh whet to my appetite, which was always sharp enough; but a bit of cheese was a thing that would have made me rob a church to come at it.

Wh

When the priest look'd into his trunk, and
 and that the cheese was gone, his loaves spoilt,
 the rat not taken, he would swear like a
 er; and then going to the neighbours, and
 ing them whether they had ever heard of such
 ing, they were all of opinion that there was
 ething more than ordinary in the affair.

C H A P. IX.

*Lazarillo turning Serpent, is discovered, and turned
 out of his Service.*

T last an ancient don, who had been one of
 the former curate's great cronies, informed
 master, that in his predecessor's time the
 ase was much frequented by a serpent; and
 it was enough to make him fancy that animal
 s the author of all the mischief, because a ser-
 at, being very long, might easily eat off the
 ee in the trap without being catch'd; which
 ng agreed to by all, my master was so uneasy
 the fancy, that for some time he could hardly
 at his eyes all the night over.

In this watchful posture the least noise in the
 orld disturb'd him. If any thing stirred, he
 cied it was the serpent in his chest; out he
 ould leap immediately, and with a swinging
 ck, which he kept by his bed-side on purpose,
 would so belabour the poor chest to fright the
 vil out of it, that he would alarm all the
 ighbourhood; and for my part, what with
 nger, and what with the bustle the curate
 ed to make, I had almost forgot whether I had
 er slept or not.

All the curate's discourse with his neighbour was about the thieving serpent. Somebody told him one day, those beasts were very chilly, that they were frequently found in childrens cradles and sometimes did them hurt; upon which, not doubting but his persecutor took up his quarters with me, he would turn my poor straw bed upside down twice or thrice every night, and lie in it. I commonly feigned to be asleep; and he would ask me next morning, whether I had felt any thing that night, telling me he firmly believed the serpent shelter'd itself in my bed, and that they were chilly creatures, and loved heat. *O Lord, sir! (would I cry). Pray God it may do me a mischief! I'm terribly afraid on't.*

The devastation in the trunk continued, and the priest continued every night to go his rounds and to search and overturn every thing he came near, in hopes to find out the serpent. This put me to my trumps, for fear he should at last find out my key, and therefore I resolved to put it in my mouth when I went to sleep.

Though the chest was big, the key was very small, because the priest, to save the charge of a new one, had pulled an old rusty lock off a nasty cloak-bag, that held sand in the garret, to put on his cupboard chest; and on the other hand, I had used myself to make a pocket of my mouth by keeping it always full of * *blancs* when I was with the blind man, notwithstanding which I could eat without swallowing any; for otherwise I should never have been master of one *solse*, because the old rogue would search every corner of

* Two *blancs* make a *marvedy*.

cloaths: So that every night, putting the
in my mouth, I slept as sound as a top,
hout any apprehensions of discovery. But
en a thing must be, it must be; and he that
born to be hang'd needs never fear drowning.
One night I was fast asleep, and my mouth,
the Devil would have it, half open. The
sed key was hollow, and happened to be in
h a situation, that my breath blowing directly
o the key-hole, composed a whistling very
ill; at this my master awaking in a fright,
not questioning but it was the serpent, he
e softly out of his bed, and taking the damn'd
om-stick in his hand, followed the sound, till
ning hard by my bed without making any
se, and thinking to murder the serpent, he
e me such a violent blow on the head that he
f killed me.

He has told since, that finding he had struck
dead, he came near and called to me several
es, but that not answering him, he put out
hands to lift me up, when finding me all in
od, he ran away in a fright to fetch a candle;
that coming back, he found me still moan-
g, with the key half out of my mouth; that
did not at first dream any thing of the matter,
looking at it, and finding it very like his
n, he immediately tried it, and thereby dis-
vering the mystery, no doubt he hugg'd him-
in the thought that he had at last caught the
and the serpent that had been such a plague
him, and wasted so much of his substance.
I shall not pretend to give an account of what
opened during the next eight days, for being

then out of the world, I could not know what passed in it. But what I relate now I heard from my master's own mouth, it being the discourse with which he entertained all companies that came into the room where I lay, after I came to my senses again, which was not till the third or fourth day.

I found myself lying upon my straw bed, my head all besmeared with ointments, and bound up with rags and plaisters. The priest being by I asked him, with great astonishment, what the matter was. *Why truly, dear friend Lazarillo* (quoth he) *'twas I that was hunting after the money rats and the serpent, that ruined me.* At these words I was something startled, and considering the condition I was in, I easily understood his meaning. A little while after came in an old woman, with some of the neighbours, who began to dress my sores, and seeming glad to see me come to my senses, told me I should be none the worse for what had happened. This giving occasion to the recital of my adventures, I was almost overwhelmed with grief to hear the bitter jests that were passed upon me; but seeing some victuals coming, I took heart, and eat with such an appetite that the company thought I should never be filled.

I recover'd so quickly of that misfortune, that in a fortnight I was out of danger, though neither free of pain nor hunger. And the very next day after I got out of bed, the charitable priest taking me by the hand, was pleased to wait upon me to the door, and so turning me out half cured *Lazarillo* (quoth he) *I have no more to do with*

he; go seek another master; and so God be wi' ye! I have no occasion for such a careful servant. Thou hast led some blind man, or else the Devil's in thee. After which, making as many crosses as if he had seen the Devil, he went into his house, and shut the door after him.

C H A P. X.

Lazarillo goes to serve a 'Squire, and what happens to him there.

TO the priest's compliment I had no answer to make, and so walking off as fast as I was able, by the help of the good people I met with by the way, I at last arrived at Toledo, where, by the grace of God, my wounds were perfectly closed up in a fortnight's time.

'Till then, the charity of the people was very warm; but as soon as I was cured, they told me it was a shame to see such a lusty fellow begging, and bid me seek a service. I told them I desired no better, but that a body could not find a master, ready cut and dry, for the calling for. And so going about from door to door, where I got but very little, I met one day in the street with a sort of a 'squire, in a good dress enough, and who mightily affected an air of gravity and quality. When we had look'd on each other some time, *Dost thou want a master, boy?* said the 'squire. *Yes, sir,* answered I. *Then follow me,* said he; *and surely thou hast said some very efficacious prayer this morning, or art a particular favourite of heaven, since 'tis thy fortune to fall thus in my way.* I readily obeyed him, and all the

way was thanking Providence for the happy days, which the decent habit, and the better mien of my new master, seemed to flatter me with.

It was betimes in the morning that I made this promising rencounter. The 'squire made me run after him half over the town. In our way, we passed through all the markets, where bread, flesh, fish, and other such conveniences are sold, and I expected every minute to be loaded with them: I'm sure I earnestly wished it, and it was just the hour for making provision. However, he went on without once offering at any such thing, and I fancied he had some other method of providing himself.

After this rate we jogg'd on till about eleven o'clock, when being just before the cathedral church, in he went, and I after him; and there he assisted very devoutly at the mass, and all the offices, not stirring till all was ended.

Coming out, he went on through the next street at a great pace, and I as merrily followed him, laughing at my simplicity to fancy it was such a gentleman's business as my new master's to go to market, firmly believing that was intrusted to his steward, or at least to his cook; and when I thought of the delicious dinner I should find ready at home, my mouth began to water.

By one o'clock we came to a house where the 'squire halted, and so did I; he then pulled off his cloak, which throwing across his left arm, he pulled a key out of his pocket with his right hand, and opening the door, he went through a dark, narrow, ominous passage, into a little yard
from

m whence we went into a tolerable apartment.
 ing come in, he took off his cloak, and look-
 g whether my hands were clean, finding they
 re, we softly shook it, which folding up, he
 w off the dust from a stone seat, and laying
 e cloak down there, sat upon it: after which,
 ing me a great many questions, of the place
 my birth, of my past life, and how I came to
 ledo, I gave him as short answers as I could,
 nking the discourse a little unseasonable before
 nner, and being more inclinable to lay the
 oth, and set the victuals upon the table, than
 discourse of such frivolous matters.

C H A P. XI.

Lazarillo's Dinner.

W H E N I had answered all his questions,
 lying where it was convenient to give
 myself any good qualities, and passing slightly
 ver those of the opposite side, he sat a while
 using upon his cloak, without speaking a word.
 stood opposite to him, swallowing my spittle,
 with my hands in my hat, and looking wishfully
 pon him, as one who would have said, *When*
all we go to dinner, sir? Two of the clock
 ruck, but no news of any victuals; and he
 was as immoveable as if he had been stiff.

On the other hand, the door so fast shut up,
 he profound silence, the bare walls, and the
 mpty rooms, which through the lower windows
 could see without beds, hangings, chairs, tables,
 even such a poor rotten chest as the old priest's;
 all

all this looked very ominous, and made me fancy I was got into a wizard's den.

The 'squire of a sudden seeming to awake *Hast thou dined, young man?* quoth he.—*Not I, sir,* said I; *you know I have been attending you ever since eight this morning.*—*For my part* (answered the 'squire) *I had breakfasted before, and when I eat in the morning I never can touch a bit of victual before night; and so thou must slist as well as thou canst till supper.*

That cruel speech had almost thrown me into the falling-sickness; not so much for my present hunger, as in consideration of the greatness of my misfortune, that made me always fall into such hands. All my former miseries came fresh into my mind, and amongst other things, I did not forget the pre-sentiments I had of doing worse, when I first entertained any thoughts of leaving the curate. However, dissembling as well as I could, *You need not trouble yourself about that, sir,* (said I,) *for of the humour I am, thank God, eating and drinking goes but little to my heart.*—*Sobriety is a great virtue in a young man* (interrupted the 'squire) *and I shall have the better opinion of thee for it. 'Tis only fit for hogs to delight in filling their bellies, and not for men.* I understood ye, thought I to myself: the Devil, I think, is in all my masters, or else I can't imagine why they should endeavour to out-do each other in starving me.

After this dialogue was over, I drew to a corner of the yard, and began to eat some morsels of bread which had been given me that morning, which the 'squire observing, *Come hither,* (said

did he) *what's that thou'rt eating?* I went, and giving him three pieces of bread, he took away the best. *Upon my faith* (quoth he) *this bread seems to be very good.*—*'Tis too stale and too hard,* (said I) *to be good.*—*I swear 'tis very good,* said the 'squire. *Who gave it thee? Were their hands clean that baked it?*—*I took it without asking any questions, sir,* (answered I) *and you see I eat it freely.*—*Pray God it may be so,* says the miserable squire; and so putting the bread to his mouth, he eat it with no less appetite than I did mine, adding at every mouthful, *Godzoaks, this bread is excellent!*

Observing he went so heartily to work, I thought it convenient to make haste with mine, lest he should have had the civility to help me; and we were both so diligent that we ended our tasks much about a time. After which, gently taking off the crumbs that stuck upon his clother, he went into a little sort of a closet, from whence taking out an old earthen pitcher, when he had taken a hearty draught himself, he invited me to do the like. I soberly answered, *that I did not care for drinking wine.*—*That's very well,* (said the 'squire) *but this is water, and thou may'st drink without any scruple.* Then taking the pitcher, I put it to my head as if I had taken a hearty draught; but, God knows, it was not thirst that troubled me most.

C H A P. XII.

The 'Squire's Bea. Supper delayed, and why. The Night's Rest. The 'Squire's fine Sword.

HE passed the remainder of that day in asking me questions, and I in answering them. The evening being come, calling me into the little closet out of which he had brought the pitcher, *Let us make my bed together* (said the 'squire) *that you may know how to make it alone another time.*

His bed was composed of the anatomy of an old hamper, supported by two broom-sticks half rotten; the sheets were instead of a mattress but confounded black and nasty, and there was but one old blanket: so that, when all the cloaths were on, you could have discerned through them the sticks of the 'squire's bed, as plainly as one may see an old dead horse's ribs.

When that was done, *Lazarillo* (quoth he) *'tis very late, and the market's a great way off; and besides that, you know that this town is full of cut-purses. Let's do as well as we can; the night will soon be over, and to-morrow God will provide.* Having formerly no servant, I was forced to eat abroad, but it shall not be so any more.—*Lord, sir* (said I) *don't let that make you uneasy; sure I can shift one night without victuals, or a couple, if there was any occasion for it.—So much the better for your health* (said the 'squire) *for, as I was saying a while ago, you'll live the longer for it, there being nothing in the world so wholesome as eating little.—Hem* thought I, at that rate sure I shall never die

have always lived very moderately, sir, (said I) by the grace of God, I shall always do so.

After that he went to bed, making a pillow of his breeches and his waistcoat folded up together. I lay at his feet, but not a wink of sleep came in my eyes; the sticks in the bed and the sharp bones were continually quarrelling; I felt not a pound of flesh on my body, which, by reason of the hunger and other hardships I had suffered, was reduced to a perfect skeleton: and after all this, where is the man that could have slept with such an empty stomach?

I did nothing all the night over (God forgive me!) but curse my own destiny; and in the constraint under which I found myself, not so much as to stir, for fear of awaking my master. With the noise of the sticks, I begged of God an hundred times to put an end at once to my misery and my life.

As soon as it was day we both got up. The squire began brushing and cleaning his cloaths, which he afterwards put on at leisure; and at last coming to his sword, *Here is a blade, Lazarillo, (quoth he) that I would not give for all the wealth in Christendom; the finest steel is but like a bit of rusty iron in comparison with it. Look ye, (says he, pulling it out of the sheath, and drawing it through his fingers) I could cut a hair in the air with it.* And I, thought I to myself, could make a confounded hole in a half-peck loaf with my teeth, though they be neither steel nor iron. He put up his sword, and clapping it to his side, with a great string of beads about his neck, and a cloak upon his left arm, and his right hand upon

upon his side, a strait body, a stately gait, and a gallant look, away he went; and as he was going, *Lazarillo* (quoth he) take care of the house while I go to mass, and mean time make the bed and clean the room, and then go fetch our pitcher full of clean water, but take care to lock the door to keep out thieves; and, because I may perhaps come home before you, hang the key upon that nail through the cat-hole. Upon that he went out, and walk'd with such an air, that one that did not know him would have taken him for the duke of *Arcos*, or at least for his first gentleman.

Well, blessed be God, (said I to myself, seeing him go out) who never sends a disease without a cure! Where is the man, who seeing my master's pleasant countenance, would not fancy he had supped plentifully last night, had lain upon a down bed, and early as it is, had drunk his chocolate very heartily this morning? and yet, good Lord, those know, though the world believes quite otherwise, that there is no such thing. Who could think, to look upon his state and gravity, and his fine cloaths, that a squint of his appearance had passed the whole day without a crust of bread, which his most humble valet, *Lazarillo*, had carried in his pocket eight-and-forty hours among all the rest of his luggage, where it could not be much refined? That's beyond all imagination.

C H A P. XIII.

*Their Breakfast. Lazarillo the 'Squire's
Providitor.*

In these contemplations I remained at the door, with my arms across my breast, and my eyes fixed upon the 'squire till he was out of sight; then going into the house and running all about, I found nothing there to put in order but a miserable bed, which when I had shook, I took up the pitcher and went to the brook, where I perceived my master in a garden, discoursing with two ladies in masks, who being those that are accustomed to go to breakfast along the brinks of the rivulet, without carrying any victuals with them, in hopes to be treated by the cavaliers, expected such entertainment from the 'squire as they had usually met with from those whose circumstances could afford it.

To these two women the 'squire was making many compliments, till they, observing him to be a little hot upon the matter, began to talk of breakfast; but his purse being as cold as his love was warm, while he was thinking of some plausible excuse, the ladies discovering his weakness, moved off another way.

I was busied during that farce in dispatching the cabbage-stalks, of which I made a very good breakfast, and having filled my pitcher without being observed by my master, I went home as fast as I could. I would fain have swept such places of the house as had most need, but

but could not meet with any thing that had the shape of a broom; so that, not finding any business to do, I resolved to wait with patience for my master's coming home, in hopes he would bring something with him for our dinner. I staid vain till two o'clock, and then being forced by hunger to come out of my den, as the wolf does out of the wood, I hung the key where he had ordered me, and betook myself to my old shift.

After this manner I went from door to door demanding a morsel of bread, with my hands joined, my eyes looking up to heaven, and the names of all the saints in my mouth, and was always sure to stop at the houses of best appearance. I had suck'd in all the niceties and secrets of my profession like my mother's milk, in the service of my blind master, and so effectually did I exert my faculties on that occasion, that before four o'clock, though the season was then very bad, and charity as cold, I had four pounds of good bread in my belly, and at least two pounds in my pockets. In my way home, going through the market, a butcher-woman gave me a piece of an ox foot and some boiled tripe. The poor squire was got home before me, and having already laid aside his cloak, was walking at a great rate in the yard. He made up to me when I came in, as I thought with a design to chide me for staying so long; but God had made him of a more peaceable temper: his business was only to ask me where I had been. I told him, that having stood it out till two o'clock, and not seeing him come home, I had been to the city to recommend myself to the charity of well-disposed persons.

sons, who had given me the bread and tripe, which I then show'd him; and though I could only observe he was rejoiced at the sight, Poor (quoth he) seeing thou wert so long a coming, I eat alone. Better beg in God's name than steal; take care, for my honour, that nobody know thou art in my service, which 'tis very easy for thee to do, since I am so little known in this town, and thou'd to God I had never seen it.—Alas! sir, (said he) why should you trouble yourself about that? Nobody asks me such questions, and I have no occasion to talk to any body of it.—Well, poor Lazarillo, (quoth he) eat thy dinner. We shall be in a better condition, an't please God, in a little while; though, I tell thee the truth, this is a most unlucky house; nothing has prosper'd with me since I came to it; it must certainly be situated under some unhappy planet; there are several such houses, which communicate their unluckiness to those that dwell in them, of which doubtless this is one; but I promise thee, as soon as this month is out I will bid adieu to it.

C H A P. XIV.

An Ox Foot a better Purchase than the Squire's Purse.

SAT down upon the end of the stone seat, and began to eat that he might fancy I was sitting; and observ'd without seeming to take notice, that his eye was fixed upon my skirt which was all the plate and table that I had.

May God pity me as I had compassion on that poor Squire; daily experience made me sensible of his trouble. I did not know whether I shou'd invite

invite him; for since he had told me he dined, I thought he would make a point of honour to refuse to eat: but in short, being desirous to supply his necessity, as I had the day before, and which I was then much better in a condition to do, having already sufficiently stuffed my own guts: It was not before an opportunity fairly offered itself; for taking occasion to come near me in his walk *Lazarillo*, quoth he, (as soon as he observed begin to eat) *I never saw any body eat so handsomely as thee; a body can scarce see thee fall to work without desiring to bear thee company; let their stomachs be ever so full, or their mouth ever so much out of taste.* Faith, thought I to myself, with such empty belly as yours, my own mouth was water at a great deal less.

But finding he was come where I wished him, Sir, said I, *good stuff makes a good workman.* This is admirable bread, and here's an ox foot so nicely dressed, and so well seasoned, that any body would delight to taste of it.

How! cry'd the Squire, interrupting me, *ox foot?* Yes, Sir, said I, *an ox foot.* Ah! quoth he, *thou hast in my opinion the delicatest food in Spain; there being neither partridge, pheasant, nor any other thing, that I like near so well as this.*

Will you please to try, Sir, said I, (putting the ox foot in his hand, with two good morsels of bread) *when you have tasted it, you will be convinced that 'tis a treat for a king, 'tis so well dressed and seasoned.*

Upon that, sitting down by my side, he began to eat, or rather to devour, what I had





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on, so that the bones could hardly escape. *Oh*
excellent bit, did he cry, *that this would be*
with a little garlick. Ha! thought I to myself,
 how lustily thou eatest it without sauce. *Gad,*
 said the Squire, *I have eaten this as heartily as if*
had not tasted a bit of victuals to day: which I
 did very easily believe. He then called for the
 pitcher with the water, which was full as I had
 thought it home; so you may guess whether he
 did eat any. When his Squireship had drank,
 he civilly invited me to do the like; and thus
 ended our feast. In this manner eight or ten
 days slipt away, that's to say, my master went
 every morning to take the air in the streets,
 with his grave face, and blustering airs, leaving
 me the care of providing for the family.

I often reflected upon the capriciousness of my
 destiny that had taken me out of the hands of
 two churlish masters who let me die of hunger,
 to put me into the hands of a third, who was so
 far from being able to maintain me, that he
 was glad to get me to mump a morsel of bread
 for him.

However, I wish'd him well; and since it
 was not in his power to do otherwise, heartily
 lamented his miserable condition, and many
 times I pinch'd my own gut to bring home to
 him. I was fully convinced of his poverty; for
 one morning that he rose to go to the necessary-
 house, searching his pockets, which he had left
 behind him, found nothing but a little velvet
 purse folded up, with nothing in it, nor so much
 as a mark that any thing had been there for ten
 years before. *Lord help him, poor Wretch!*
 thought

thought I to myself: *No body can give what have not.*

It was quite otherwise with the blind man and the churlish curate, who starved me to death though both abounded in riches, which cost me one but a *Pax tecum*, and the other a *God reward you*. These were monsters I had reason to abhor; but as for the poor 'squire, I heartily pitied him, and to this day do very much compassionate such as affect that air of gravity and quality, always fancying they are in the same condition; and yet, for all that, I would have preferred his service to any other, for the reason above-mentioned, if one thing in him had not mightily displeased me, which was his sottish vanity, and the being in a manner a stranger to himself, and that with so much poverty he made such a deal of ceremony. But that's an incurable distemper in people of their character, who, though they be not worth a *carolus*, strut it out as if they had thousands; and if that's a mortal sin, they are like to die in it.

C H A P. XV.

The Straits the 'Squire and Lazarillo are put to by a Proclamation. They get a Rial.

HOWever I was but little troubled with ceremony in the service of my 'squire, and, as poor as he was, by the help of my own industry I lived pretty much to my liking with him.

But my happiness was too great to last long. The season having been rainy, there ensued dearth, which gave occasion to a regulation whereby

whereby all poor strangers were obliged to leave town, under pain of corporal punishment; which was so rigorously put in execution, that several days together there was nothing to be seen with in the streets but executioners whipping poor beggars at the cart's tail.

I was so affrighted at those examples, that I did not beg any more. It was then that the silence and silence of the 'squire and his boy *Lazarillo* were very remarkable. We were seven days and three nights without eating one word or speaking one word; and happy was it for me that I had made acquaintance with some poor men that lived by spinning cotton to make bread, for they saved my life on that occasion; though their means were small, and their assistance proportionable, I had enough of them to keep me from dying of hunger.

But I pitied the poor 'squire more than I did myself. The devil a morsel of bread came in his mouth for eight whole days; at least sure I am, during that time there was no victuals in the house. I don't know how he lived, where he went, nor what he did; but he came home every day about noon, with a flat belly and a parched body, reaching out his neck like a hound.

His next station was to plant himself at the door with a pick-tooth, though, God knows, his teeth were clean enough; but he would needs do as other people, for his honour. Then relating to the stories of his grandeur, 'Tis certainly (would he cry) *this cursed house that brings these misfortunes upon us; I am more and more*

D

persuaded

persuaded of it: and then turning about, De look (says he) what a damn'd dark ominous it has; a body can hope for no better here; would God the month was out, that I might be quit of

Such was our miserable starving condition when one day (the Lord knows by what accident) the 'squire became master of a rial; which coming home, as glad as if he had purchased the Bank of Venice, Lazarillo (quoth with a joyful countenance) here Heaven begins open its hand. Run to the market, and buy bread, wine and meat; let's put out one of the Devil's eyes, and to compleat thy joy, thou must understand I have taken another house, that we may leave this unlucky habitation. A plague on't! (continued without giving me time to answer). Woe be to them that laid the first foundation of it! Curse on the hour that ever I set foot in it! for since I came here I have never tasted wine nor flesh, nor had a moment's ease; and I believe, in all Toledo, a man could not find a darker uglier hole than this. Run quickly, and make haste back again, and we will dine to-day like two little kings. I took my money and my pitcher, and away I went towards the market with a great deal of joy, but that was very quickly interrupted; for while I was walking along, thanking God for the assistance he had sent us, and reckoning upon my fingers how I should lay out my money, I met a corpse being carried to the grave, attended by a great number of priests, and a vast number of people, and leaning myself up to the wall to let them go by, I espied the widow, it seems, clad in mourning, followed by a great many others, who was

ly crying, to express the excess of her grief. *As (quoth she) poor husband! whither are they going to carry you? They are dragging you to that sad, unhappy, dark and frightful habitation, where there is neither eating nor drinking.*

That seemed to me such an exact description of our house, that I thought heaven and earth were coming together, believing firmly that they were going to carry the corpse thither. In that apprehension, forgetting the way to the market, I ran through the crowd, and getting in at the door, barr'd and bolted it very speedily, embracing my master, and earnestly begging his assistance to defend the house against the dead man.

At first he seemed a little surprized, not knowing what the matter might be. *What ails my boy (says he) to make such a noise, and why dost thou shut the door with so much haste and fury?—Lord, sir, (cried I) come hither quickly, for they are bringing in a dead corpse!—What dost thou say? A dead corpse! answered the squire.—I saw it (says I) a little way off in the street, and the widow crying after it, “O good God! where are they carrying my dear husband? They are taking him to that sad and miserable, that dark and melancholy habitation, where they neither eat nor drink.” They are just bringing him in hither, sir.* My master laughed so heartily at my simplicity, that it was a good while before he could speak to me; and while I was barricadoing the door, the people went by, and all the company. But so much was I possessed with the fancy of the corpse coming to our house, that still fancying

it was their design, I set my back to the door till my master, who had laughed more heartily at me than he had eat for many weeks before, reply'd, *'Tis true, Lazarillo, by what the widow said thou might'st fancy the corpse was coming but now thou seest God hath otherwise disposed of it, open the door, and go to market.—For God's sake, sir, (said I) let them be out of the street first!*

But seeing my obstinacy, he came at last, in spite of my teeth, and opened another door, after which, I went and bought bread and wine and meat ready drest, and so coming back to my squire, we made a most magnificent supper, and enjoy'd ourselves like princes.

C H A P. XVI.

Why the 'Squire came to Toledo. His Estate and Talents.

REMAINING thus in the service of my master the 'squire, and having observed from the very first day I was with him, that he was a stranger, I was curious of knowing the occasion of his coming to *Toledo*, in which I was soon after satisfied. One day, my master being in a better humour than ordinary, because he had had a tolerable dinner, he was pleased to give me the following account of his affairs:—

He told that he was of *Old Castile*, and that he had left his country only because he would not pull off his hat to a person of quality of his neighbourhood. *But, sir, (quoth I) if he be your superior by his birth and estate, as you seem to own he was, you might well enough have saluted*

, without any injury to yourself, since he did not to make you a civil return.

All that's true enough, answered the 'squire. I was a greater man than I, and returned my civilities; but he should have begun once, and forced me to let myself be saluted first, by taking me by the hand when he saw me carrying it to my head to pull off my hat.

For my part, sir, (quoth I) I should not have added things so nearly.

Yes, that's well enough for thee (*interrupted*). Thou art but young, and so a stranger to those sentiments of honour, in which the rich and those that now profess it do principally consist. But thou must know, that, a simple 'squire I am, if I met a prince in the street, and he did not take off his hat to me right (*I say, take off right*) gadzooks, on the first occasion I would find a way to go into some house, under pretence of business, or slip away into the next street before he came near me, that I might not be obliged to salute him. Look ye (*continued the squire*) except God and the king, a gentleman inferior to none, and ought not to yield an inch to any.

I remember (*added he*) I taught an officer good manners once, and had like to have caned him for saluting me with a *God save you*. *Learn to speak as you ought, Mr. Scoundrel, said I, and don't use me like such a clown as yourself, with your God save you!* And after that he never fail'd to salute me as far as he could see me, and to speak when he came near me as became him.

Here I could not avoid interrupting him. *What, sir, (said I) is it an offence to say God favours a man?*

What a foolish boy is this! answered the squire. That's well enough for ordinary people, but for a man of my quality, the least that can be given is *your most humble servant, sir*; or at least *your servant*, if it be a gentleman that speaks to me: and you may see by that, whether it were fit for me to submit to the behaviour of my next neighbour, who, to tell you the truth, did likewise use to plague me, upon all occasions, with a *God save you, sir!* No, by St. Anthony, I never take a *God save you* at any body's hands, but the king's, if they were to add *my lord* at the end of the compliment, to sweeten it.

Where am I now? thought I to myself. *What can a body expect from a man that is angry with people for praying God to bless him?*

My condition is not so destitute (*continued the squire*) but that I yet possess in full propriety not above sixteen leagues from the pleasant hill of *Villadolid*, a good piece of ground for building houses, which, if improved, would be worth two hundred thousand *marvedies* every year, or a greater sum, according to what should be laid out in building: I have also a dove-house, which, if it were re-built and well stocked, might afford two hundred pigeons; besides great many other things of no less importance, all which I have forsaken, that I might not my honour be exposed.

I came to this city in hopes to meet with some good business, but have been deceived in my expectations.

g his expectations. I might have something to do
 God fa in the clergy here, but there's so little to be
 by them that it is not worth a gentleman's
 le. There are some marquesses indeed that
 ould be glad of me; but then you must comply
 every thing with those gentlemens fancies,
 if you murmur (God be with you!) you
 ft pack about your business, and that without
 money, except you have been cunning
 ough to get some before-hand; for at the best,
 their conscience checks them at last, they
 nk your service is over-requited with an old
 ak, or some such thing. But when a body
 the good luck to get into a great man's
 use, then their fortune is made at once.

For my part, I can't tell to what I should
 pute my disappointment. I'm sure, if once
 got into such a service, I should speedily re-
 commend myself to my grandee's favour, by
 ving him to his mind. I could lye to him as
 well as another, and insinuate myself by all the
 ner commendable arts that are now in use.
 would equally applaud all his actions, whether
 od or bad, and never advise him against his
 wn inclination, though for his good. I should
 em very careful in his sighr, but out of it I
 could not too much over-burden my brain. I
 ould give him an advantageous opinion of my
 al, by perpetually chiding the other servants
 his hearing. I should readily influence him
 gainst those he did not care for, though seem-
 gly excusing them; and I should be continually
 commend my master's favourites, and bitterly
 il against them he slighted. I should keep an

exact record of every body's actions, to tell master tales; and, in short, I should not do any of those practices that are now so well lished by our grandees. I know they don't care to have honest people about them, whom, on the contrary, they despise and hate, and cannot endure their conversation.

Thou seest, *Lazarillo*, that I am not a stranger to the maxims of our present courtiers; but a devilish misfortune is such, that I never could meet with an opportunity of recommending myself to their esteem.

C H A P. XVIII.

How the 'Squire was interrupted in his Story, and left Lazarillo. An Inventory of the 'Squire's Moveables.

THE 'squire was so well pleased with the subject of his discourse, that it is not likely he would soon have left it, if he had not been interrupted by a man and an old woman, who came in together, the first to dun him for his house-rent, and the other for the hire of his bed.

Upon settling the accounts, he owed them for two months, a sum which far exceeded his 'squireship's yearly income, viz. between twelve and thirteen *rials*.

The 'squire was very complaisant, and desired them to come back in the evening, at which time he should not fail to give them their money, being then going out to change a double pistole.

His worship did accordingly go out, but, a misfortune would have it, never could find the

y back again. His creditors did not fail to
 me at the time appointed; but it being very
 e, and the 'squire not yet come home, they
 re forced to put off their business till next day.
 did not care to lay alone in that empty house,
 d therefore begged a lodging of some kind old
 omen in the neighbourhood, to whom I gave
 account of every thing that happened.

Next morning the creditors retured, and en-
 iring after the 'squire, found the bird was
 wn, but were informed by the woman that his
 let was at their house, and had the key of the
 or with him. I was then interrogated, *What*
as become of my master? In answer to which I
 d, I had not seen him since he went out to
 ange his double pistole, and that I was very
 uch afraid he had forgot the way home again.

Upon that they went immediately and called
 officer of the law, with a scrivener, and com-
 g back again all together, with several witnesses,
 ey took me along with them, and demanding
 e key of the house, went in to seize as much
 my master's goods as might be sufficient to
 y their debts.

When they had run all over the house, and
 und nothing but the bare walls, they asked me
 hat was become of the furniture, and of all the
 unks, tapestry, plate and pewter.

I told them I knew nothing of the matter.
 b then (quoth they) *let's lay hold of this rogue!*
they have carried off the goods last night, and he
ust tell us where they are.

Upon that the officer immediately caught me
 y the throat, and, to terrify me, told me he'd

throw me in a dungeon, unless I discovered my master's effects.

I had never been in such a pickle before, nor had been collared by any body, except by the old man that used to take me by the neck when I led him about. I was in a terrible fright, and to get out of their hands, promised I would tell them every thing.

There's a good boy, quoth the officer. Answer then to what shall be asked you, and don't be afraid.

Upon that the scrivener, sitting down upon the stone seat to write his inventory, in the presence of the creditors, and their witnesses and neighbours, asked me in what my master's goods consisted.

Sir, (quoth I) my master (as I had it out of his own mouth) has an excellent piece of ground for building houses on; and besides that, sir, he has a pigeon-house, that used to yield two hundred pigeons; but 'tis true he told me that 'twas fallen down of late.

Poh! (said the creditors) that must be of very little worth, if it be not enough to pay us.—But what part of the town doth that pigeon-house stand in? quoth the scrivener.

'Tis not in this town, (answered I,) but in his own country.—We shall be much the better for that cry'd they all together.—But where is that country of his, young man? says the scrivener.

He told me, sir, (said I) that he was of Old Castile.—At that the officer and the scrivener burst out with laughter, telling the creditors they need not ask for any more, since to be sure there was enough there to answer much greater sums than their debts.

Look ye, gentlemen, (said the old woman) you are talking to a poor innocent boy who is but lately come to the squire, and knows as little of his affairs as you. He comes to our house every day, and we have done him all the good we could, and hitherto have kept him from starving.

My innocence being thus vindicated, they said no more to me; but the landlord and the old woman did not come off so cheap. The next question was, *Who should pay the charge?* for the officer and the scrivener would by no means part with their fees.

The creditors pretended, that since no seizure could be made, no fees were due; but to that the officers reply'd, that they had slighted other profitable business to wait upon them, and that they did not mean to be put off at such a rate.

In short, after much wrangling, the officers said hold of the old blanket belonging to the woman, which they laid upon a serjeant's back, who very opportunely was passing by.

Though the burden was light enough, he did not carry it alone. The creditors and the officers taking hold of it, struggled who should have it; so that the weaker being dragged away by the stronger, I cannot tell how nor where their dispute ended: but this I may guess from the condition the blanket was in, that in all probability every one had a share of it, for I don't believe it could long resist their tugging.

Thus was I forsaken by my third master, in which my case is so far extraordinary, that whereas other servants run away from their masters, my hopeful master ran away from me.

C H A P. XIX.

Lazarillo goes first to serve a Fryar, and then a Publisher of false Indulgences.

HAVING thus lost the 'squire, and being in great want of a new master, the old woman recommended me to a fryar, who, as she said, was her relation. He was a great enemy to the choir and the convent, and cared for nothing but idle company and visits, running up and down the town at such a rate, that I'm sure he wore out more shoes than all the convent.

From him I received the first shoes that ever I had upon my feet; but, at the rate I was forced to run after him, they did not last me eight days. My weakness had put me so much out of condition to undergo that fatigue, and I was so little pleased with some other passages (which I shall pass over in silence) that I thought proper to bid adieu to the fryar.

The next master my fortune cast in my way was a sham bull-monger, or retailer of false indulgences, the veriest rogue in *Christendom*, and the fittest man to deal in such commodities, which he wonderfully well understood how to put off to the best advantage.

When he came to any village, his first visit was to the vicar or his curates, whom he always endeavoured to bring over to his interest by some pretty little presents of no great value; where he was thought to induce them to favour his designs by assembling the parishioners to take off his indulgences.

He always knew by their appearance what sort of people he had to deal with, and shaped his behaviour accordingly. If men of parts, he satisfied himself with complimenting them in *Spanish*; but if simple people, of whose purses he had a better opinion than of their capacity, when he was an *Aristotle*, and made them a long senseless speech, that signified as much as his indulgences. But when all that did not answer his expectation, he had a thousand artifices, by means whereof he brought his business to bear.

It were an endless story to tell you all the stratagems I have seen him use, and therefore I shall give you but one sample, whereby you may judge of the morals of the man.—He had been two or three days in vain exposing his indulgences in a certain village in the diocese of *Tolledo*, and finding, notwithstanding all his industry, no appearance of success, he used very liberally to give himself, indulgences and all together, to the Devil, who doubtless inspired him with the damnable stratagem he made use of.

He took care that all the people should be informed that he was about to take his leave, and that next morning he would make the last publication of his indulgences. He had in his company an officer of the law, who underhand was his partner, with whom going to play after supper, they pretended to fall out together, and my master calling him cheat, he accused my master of forgery: my master laid hold of a half-pike, and the officer had recourse to his sword.

The people being alarmed at the noise they made, got between them, and took care to keep them

them asunder, while they seemed very eager to decide the quarrel hand to hand, continuing in the same manner of opprobrious language against each other; the officer, amongst the rest, repeatedly accusing my master of forging his indulgences.

But seeing there was no appearance of reconciling them, they took the officer to another house, and left my master in the inn. The landlord and the neighbours again endeavoured to appease the priest, but finding it in vain, they left him to his repose, and to bed we went.

Next morning my master got to church before times, and having published the mass and sermon for the distribution of his indulgences, as the people began to gather together, those who had been witnesses of the squabble at the inn did not fail to inform them of what they had heard; so that in a little time they were all sufficiently apprized what reasons there were for suspecting the validity of the bulls.

Hearing the murmurs of the people, I fancied our affairs were past recovery, and, if I durst, I would have advised my master to leave the place. However, he got up into the pulpit, and began to exhort the people to take his indulgences, advising them not to slight so great a blessing on account of the malicious calumnies that had been raised against him. About the middle of his sermon in comes the officer, and after saying his prayers, with a grave and audible voice thus spoke:—*Give ear, good people, to the short but important discourse I'm about to make you; after which I shall leave it to yourselves to judge of the merit of this emissary's bulls.*

I have had the weakness to be seduced by his cunning, in order to favour this design, of which I was to have one half of the profits; but afterwards, considering the injury I should thereby do to my own conscience and your pockets, and sincerely repenting of that wickedness, in order to make the most timely reparation I can, I am now come openly to declare that his bulls are forged by himself; and I here protest before God and all the assembly, that I'll concern myself no more with him, directly nor indirectly, and that from this moment I abandon him and all his rogeries; and I take you all in general, and every one of you in particular, to witness of the premises, to the end that, when he shall come to be punished for the same, you may testify the timely notice I have given you of his wickedness and villainy.

When his harangue was ended, the people that were next him rose up to turn him out of the church, in order to avoid scandal; but my master standing up, forbid them, under pain of excommunication, to give him any manner of trouble, but, on the contrary, to be silent, and let him say whatever he pleased. But finding the officer made no answer, my master desired him to speak on, if he had any more to say; to which the serjeant reply'd, that though he could tell abundance more of his rogueries, he had said enough for once. My master then kneeling before the pulpit, his hands joined and his eyes looking up to heaven, said, *Lord God Almighty, who knowest all things, to whom nothing is hid and nothing is impossible, thou knowest the truth, and how unjustly I am blamed. I forgive him, Lord, with all my soul, the injustice he does to me, even as I desire thee*

to forgive me ; but, as for the injury he does thee in hindering thy people to partake of this holy communion, and that they may be persuaded of the falsity of his calumnies, and the sincerity of my sermon, I earnestly pray, O Lord, that by a sudden miracle the truth may be confirmed, and error confounded ; and that if what that miserable wretch has now advanced is true, and if there be any deceit or fraud in me, the pulpit may fall upon me, and sink me seven fathoms under the ground ; but that, if what I have said is true, and what that emissary of the Devil has invented, with a design to deprive thy people of the benefit of this holy indulgence, be false, he may suddenly be punished, and his malice known to all.

Scarce had my devout master ended his hypocritical prayer, when the impostor of an office falling down upon his back with a hideous noise began to bellow and foam at the mouth, making most terrible grimaces, and thumping about with his hands and feet. At this the people were struck with such amazement, that their noise and cries created a great confusion. Those that were tender-hearted amongst them pray'd for the wretched officer, whilst others cry'd out that such a calumny deserved such a punishment. The boldest amongst them laid hold of his arms and legs, and he did not fail to fling about him after a terrible rate. There were at least fifteen men to hold him ; and if it happened that any of them let go a leg or an arm, they that were next him paid severely for it. All this while my cunning master was before the pulpit upon his knees, and seemed to be so much taken up with his devotion, that all the noise and confusion in the church

church could not divert him from those divine
contemplations ; 'till some good people coming
up, and awakening him with their cries, in-
teated him to assist the poor unhappy wretch
that was dying, begging him to forgive his ca-
pities, which heaven had already so severely
punished, and intreating him, for God's sake, to
do what he could towards his recovery, since the
world was sufficiently convinced of the wretch's
crime, and of his sincerity and goodness, which
had been so visibly approved by the hand of
heaven. At that, as if he had awaken'd out of
a pleasant slumber, *Brethren* (said he, in an
humble manner) *it were presumption in us to in-
tercede for a man who has grievously offended God,
if it were not that he has commanded not to return
evil for evil ; and therefore let us apply ourselves to
him with confidence, in hopes that he will be pleased
to pardon one who has so much offended him.* And
when coming away from the pulpit, he advised them
to pray for the man's recovery, and that God
almighty would be pleased to chase the unclean
spirit out of him, in case, for the punishment of
his sins, he had permitted any to enter into him.
Upon that they all fell upon their knees, and
began, with the priests who were before the altar,
to sing the *Litanies* with a low voice, while my
sacrilegious master, going towards the serjeant
with the cross and the holy water, began a long
and devout prayer, which drew as many tears
from the assistants as if they had been at a passion
sermon. *Lord* (says he) *who willest not the death
of a sinner, but rather that he should repent and live,
pardon and restore to life and health this son of
Belial*

Belial, that, confessing his sins, he may shew forth thy mercy in forgiving them.

That done, calling for the bull, and laying upon his head, the poor officer immediately began to come to himself again; and no sooner was he in his senses, but he threw himself at his master's feet, imploring his pardon, and confessing that all the calumnies he had raised against him were at the instigation of the Devil, as well to revenge himself of that holy man, as to deprive the Christian people of so great a benefit.

The cunning bull-monger readily forgave him, and that occasioned so great an earnestness among the people, that there was hardly any body in the village, man, woman or child, master or servant, that did not purchase the indulgences, except about half a dozen of the most subtle cozeners of all the parish, who made shift without them.

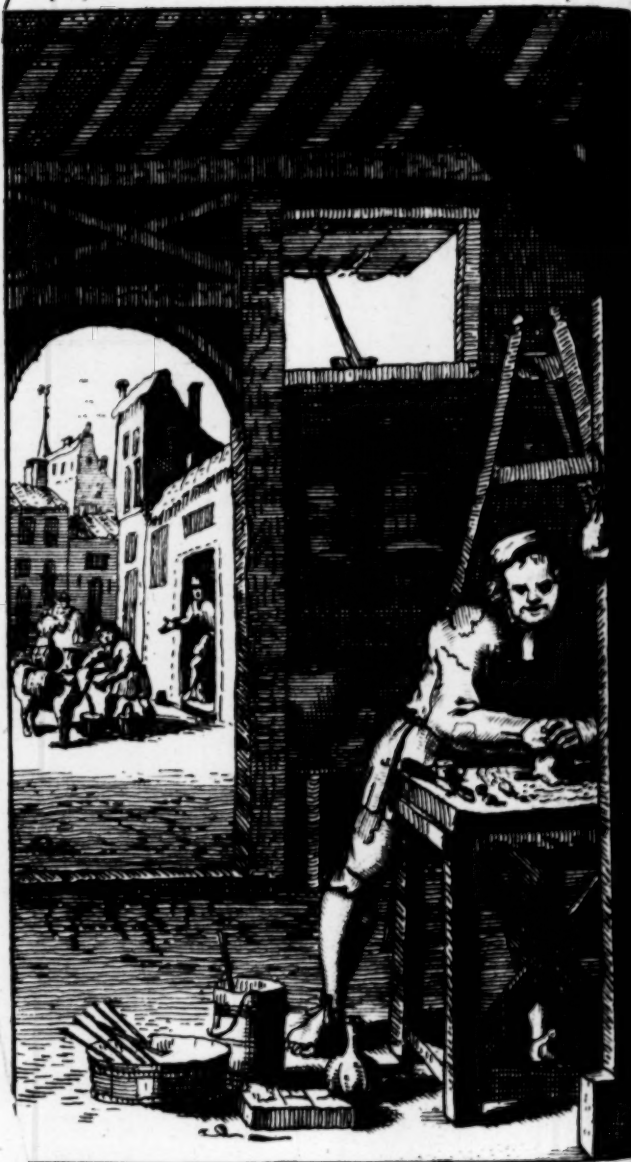
The news of the pretended miracle was quickly spread about the country, so that, as we arrived in the neighbouring villages, there was no need of any sermon or publication of the bulls, for the people came to the house in such numbers, that one would have thought my master kept open table; and in that country we seldom had trouble to court the priest of the parish to our side. For my part, when the thing happened, I was deceived as well as my neighbours, till afterwards came to understand that mystery of iniquity, by some words that passed between the roguish officer and my more sacrilegious master, and from that very time I conceived such an aversion for him, that after having served him six months, I thought proper to leave him.

C H A









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C H A P. XIX.

Lazarillo goes to serve a Painter; turns Water-carrier, Bailiff's Follower, and at last Public Fryer.

AFTER that, I went to a country painter to temper his colours; but disliking that employment, and being now grown up, I endeavoured to find some other business that might be for me, and turn to better account. One day, as I was going to church, I met with a ploughman, who taking me into his service, committed to my care one ass, four old casks, and a whip, with which I became a water-merchant; that was the first step I made to the purpose. My agreement with my master was, that I should pay him thirty *marvedies* a day, and I to have the rest of the day to myself, and what I could get during the rest of the week above the thirty *marvedies*; in that station I managed my affairs so well, that at the end of four years I was able to purchase a fine second-hand suit of cloaths, and a sword with such a fashionable handle as was used in *John of Ghent's* time. Finding myself so gloriously fitted out, I returned the ass and all the baggage to my master, giving him to understand that I was no longer satisfied with such business. My next employment was that of a bailiff's follower; but I never relished it after one night, when a parcel of bullies sallying out with good sticks in their hands, and their budgets full of stones as big as turkeys eggs, did most condempnedly belabour my patron, who was fool enough

enough to stay for them; but for my part, considering my legs were not given me for nothing, I was wise enough to make use of them.

Soon after that I bid farewell to my master, and applied all my thoughts to find out some business in which I might live easily, and lay up something for a rainy day; and thanks be to God and some good people, I soon got into business, being admitted into a royal office, which I had long sought after, finding it the only way to thrive.

That office I exercised some time with general approbation. It consisted in exposing wine for sale in public places, enquiring after things that were lost, making publication of sales and auctions, and accompanying such as walked at a cart's tail to tell their good qualities. In a word, I was *Public Cryer*, and thrived so well in that quality, that almost every body applied to me to perform any business of that nature; so that, there was any wine or other thing to be sold, any thing was lost that required a cryer, *Signor Lazarillo de Tormes* was the man.

C H A P. XX.

Lazarillo marries a Corregidor's Housekeeper, and becomes a contented Cuckold.

AMONGST others, I had the honour to be employed by my great benefactor, the *Signor Corregidor*, an old bachelor, who having a careful housekeeper, and being well pleased with her services in crying his wine, finding me honest and industrious, was pleased to bestow her upon me, and I, considering that such a match could not be disadvantageous, was married to her.





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The woman was a very good housewife, and worship assisted and protected me upon her count: he gave us every year, at several times, value of a load of corn, as much meat as we could destroy about *Easter*, and now and then a couple of loaves; and besides all that, I had his cloaths. He took a little house for us near town, and we used commonly to dine at his house on *Sundays* and holidays.

But, as ill tongues are never wanting to disturb the repose of honest families, there was such a noise about my wife's going to dress the corregidor's victuals, make his bed, and the like, that the town rung of it. *God forgive 'em* (thought I) *but won't let honest folks live in quiet.* But all this said could never make me believe any harm of

The corregidor himself was not a stranger to what passed, and sometimes he would speak his mind very plainly, to make mine easy. *Friend Lazarillo* (quoth he) *if once a man minds false riches, he never thrives. Perhaps some people would tell you fancy strange things of your wife, because she comes so freely to my house; but you may rest assured that there's nothing but civility passes between us, and after all, 'tis not such tattlers that will give you a piece of bread when you want it.*

I am very much obliged to you, sir, said I to him. True, I have heard something of that nature; but since I must tell you freely, the story goes that ere I was married my wife had borne three children to you. I had no sooner spoke the word but my wife began to make such terrible execrations that I was afraid the house would sink, then fell crying most bitterly, and cursed a thousand times the day that ever she was married. I

I could have wished I had been dead the minute I spoke the word ; but at last we prevailed on her to cease her lamentations. I promised her I would never speak again of any thing of that nature, and that she might freely go to the corregidor's, at all hours of the day or night, without any apprehension of my being uneasy about it ; that, on the contrary, I should thank her freedom very kindly, since I was fully persuaded that there was not an honefter woman in *Toledo* ; and so we all three became good friends. And after that I was so far from quarrelling with her on that account, that when any of my neighbours offered to talk of those affairs, I would say to them, *If you have a mind that I should believe you, my friend, tell me nothing that may vex me, and, above all things, I can't endure to hear reflections upon my wife, whom I love better than the world besides, nay better than myself, having a great reason to bless God for his goodness in bringing us together, since I daily receive a thousand times more kindness at her hands than I deserve. She is a virtuous woman, if there be any in the world, of that I could freely take my oath ; and whoever speaks otherwise must expect to have his throat cut.*

After that plain and honest declaration, they all let us live in peace together.

C H A P. XXI.

Lazarillo gets acquainted with some of the Germans that followed the Emperor's Court.

ABOUT that time the Emperor *Charles V.* came to *Toledo*, with all his court. I shall say nothing of the entertainments that were made

him, but only speak of what concerns myself the matter, which is, that never being with- a bottle of the best wine, and being of a pper not to scare people from my company, I acquainted with so many of his *German* fol- vers, that if I had killed a man, or done some et mischief, I had so many friends that all the ld could not have hurt me. During their y, I shewed them the cellars where the best ne was sold, and there we made so good use of r time, that many a one who went thither on his legs was carried back by four men in elbow chair, and the cream of the jest was, at it never cost *Lazarillo* one brass farthing; y, they would not suffer me to put my hand my purse, and once or twice had like to have ke my head for offering it. *No, no, montsir atfrollo sti Tormed*, (would they cry, in their gon) *vat ter Tursel you wou'd do? Put up your monice in ty pocket. Why you put such front upon u frienden!* Meaning that I should put my oney in my pocket, and not pay a farthing. I adored their humour, and was the more taken ith them, because I never left them without a od load of excellent bread, rare hams, fine oulders of mutton, and abundance of other inty bits; so that every time I met with them, had a week's provision for my family.

That good cheer made me remember my for- er hunger with satisfaction. I heartily thank'd rovidence for that amongst all the rest: but, as e proverb says, *A good time can't last always*. The court left *Toledo*, and though my dear *Ger- ans* would fain have had me gone along with them,

them, telling me that I need take no care, but that they would provide for all, yet, remembering that other proverb, that *One bird in hand is worth two in a bush*, I thank'd them for their kindness.

The truth is, that, if I had not been married I liked their company so well that we had never parted ; and indeed, in my opinion, they lead a very happy life. They are strangers to all ceremony, carry their hearts upon their lips, and go as freely into the meanest cellar, where there is good wine, as into a prince's palace ; they are free, and so void of all deceit, and withal so flush of money, that I should ne'er desire to meet with better chaps when I want a belly full of liquor.

But the love I had for my wife, and for my dear little daughter, kept me at home. 'Tho' I endeavour'd, with the help of their company, to make myself easy, and lived in a great city where I was well beloved, and welcome to my friends, I thought myself in a desert. I don't know what I should have done without my little *Teresa* ; I say *my little Teresa*, for I was then become pretty easy about some tracts of resemblance I had observed between her face and the corregidor's. My wife, who I formerly believed would not have told a lye for all the world, assured me there was nothing in the matter ; and so easy was I upon that square, that at that time all my care was to pass the remainder of my days at home in peace, and lay up a good portion for my daughter.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE
L I F E
AND
ADVENTURES
OF
Lazarillo de Tormes.

PART II.

CHAP. I.

Lazarillo grows extravagant. Is indulged therein by his Wife and the Corregidor. The Death of the latter, and the Misfortunes which thereupon happened to Lazarillo.

AFTER the departure of my good friends before-mentioned, I could hardly think of any thing else, and considering how much I had been my own enemy in not following them, I entirely gave myself up to debauchery, that I might the better accustom myself to live without them. The stratagem succeeded well enough, and I soon became such a perfect *German*, that I did not leave the tippling-house day nor night. The only misfortune was, that the *Germans* did not pay the reckoning, but I, on the contrary,
E paid

paid all time after time, and managed my affairs so nicely, that at six months end I was as poor as *Job*. I applied myself so little to my trade of *crier*, that I could not earn bread and garlics for it; and then, if my wife did not support me with money, I was ready to throw the house out at the windows. The good woman, on the other hand, had not lost her tongue; nor was the *corregidor* too much my friend in our disputes. Sometimes using good words, and sometimes making use of his authority to keep the peace.

When I allowed myself the liberty to think I could not but own they were in the right on, and then I would constrain myself a little, and live sober three or four days together. But this was in vain; and so uneasy was I every where when out of the tippling-house, that nothing could detain me from it.

However, their discourse had so much influence on me for a while, that it effected an unusual reformation; for instead of three or four days, I could stay at home whole weeks together. But there's no striving against nature; all my endeavours were in vain, and my wife (who in the main loved me) being troubled with my uneasiness to stay in the house, one day when we were sitting by the fire-side, told me, that she found that way of living did not please me, and advised me to follow my own inclination and enjoy myself with my friends, hoping that God would provide. And indeed Providence became so liberal, that my pockets were seldom empty, and the *corregidor* and my wife were so favourable, that they undertook the care of the family.

ily, advising me to follow my own course, and dissuading me from troubling myself with domestic concerns. I, God help me, was very inquisitive, and, without enquiring whence all my good fortune came, enjoy'd myself with all the satisfaction in the world. At a time my wife being delivered of a son, the *regidor* was his godfather, who loved him as dearly as if he had been his own, telling me every day, that if he lived to see him grow up, he would have him educated as his own child, and make him his heir. I admired the honest gentleman's kindness to an infant no ways related to him; but being unwilling to trouble myself in those affairs, I entertained no thoughts of rivalry, thinking it fittest to enjoy the present. Thus quietly did my time slip away, till of a sudden all my happiness was interrupted by the sickness of the *corregidor*, who was attacked with a violent fever, that in three days he was at extremity. The relations who pretended to inheritance came quickly to the house, and though their interests afforded them sufficient reason for division, they all agreed to hinder my wife and me from coming near her master; though he frequently called for us, they dissuaded him so effectually from thinking of the affairs of this world, that he quietly took his journey to the other, without giving us the comfort of seeing him, or leaving us any token to remember him.

The misfortune never comes alone. The *regidor* was not of a character to be imported for such a trifle as the rent of our house;

but as soon as he was dead, the landlord demanded two years rent, and being unwilling to go to law with the *corregidor's* heirs, he sent for our moveables, and committed us to the world for lodging.

Of all the friends with which I was surrounded but eight days before, not one offer'd me the least assistance; and had it not been for a good old gentlewoman, one of whose children my wife suckled, and who provided for all mine, God's sake, I had been sent to my shifts with my brats upon my back.

The death of the *corregidor* was worse to us than pestilence, sword and famine, and all the rest of the plagues together. As for that remaining supply, my office of *cryer*, my idleness and neglect of customers had rendered it so inconsiderable, that I could hardly pay the hire of my trumpet.

It was then I as heartily cursed my German companions as I had formerly cordially loved them; and it was too late to consider, that the good cheer I had had in their company for a little while, was like to make me fare the worse all the days of my life.

C H A P. II.

Lazarillo sets out for the West-Indies, and his old Master, the 'Squire, who gives him an Account of his Misfortunes.

WHAT could I do in that extremity? My only resolution I could take, was to seek my fortune in the new world, since I

hope left of mending my condition in *Spain*. Many of my betters were there before me, and nothing was more common, than for such as had success in *Europe* to endeavour to mend their fortunes in the *Indies*.

I sold my office of *cryer*, to provide myself with necessaries for my journey; and so taking leave of my desolate family, and kissing twenty times my little *Teresa*, with a stick in my hand and a knapsack upon my back, I took my leave of *Toledo*. But not being so well accustomed to travelling as formerly, I made but short journies, and managed my purse as sparingly as I could.

One morning, being early on my walk, I spy'd before me a man walking very slowly, puff'd up with a cloak about his mouth, and a long sword sticking out at a hole it had made in the cloak. I was surprized at the sight, which I could not tell what to make of. It was an early hour methought for walking, and I was mortally afraid he was a knight of the pad; and therefore to be friends with him, walking up briskly, *God save you, sir!* quoth I.—*I forgive thee*, answer'd the cavalier, without pulling his cloak from his nose; *for as I am dress'd at this time, thou art not oblig'd to treat me otherwise.*

I was the more surprized with his answer, because I thought it was fram'd to build a quarrel upon; and therefore, to take away all appearances of any affront, *It was not my design to offend you, sir*, said I; *on the contrary—*

It may be so, interrupted the cavalier, huffily; *but pray who taught you that way of saluting people? The Devil fetch me if I don't believe that God save*

you was introduced into the world to chase me out of it. At these words I began to look upon him with more attention, and having pulled his cloak so low that I could see all his face, I easily discovered him to be my old master the 'squire.

I had more than one reason to be glad of this discovery, and thereupon coming near him, in as possible, old master (quoth I) that five or six years should so much change Lazarillo de Tormes, that you should not know him?

He look'd upon me, and then embracing me. Why truly, Lazarillo (quoth the 'squire) I could not well have known thee, being so plump and fat as thou art grown, when formerly thou wert so poor and lean.

After exchanging many embraces and compliments, he would needs know whither I was going; which having told him, I am going the same way, (quoth he) let's go together; and thou tell me what life thou hast led since that night I was obliged to leave thee, for the reasons, thou might'st easily guess.

I gave him an ingenuous account of my adventures, and made my story so long, that by the time I had done we were got to the village where we intended to lay. I went into the inn, and desired him to follow.

My next care was to provide some refreshments; and as we were old acquaintances, he made no ceremony with me, nor ever offered to put his hand to his purse.

After that he told me, that when he went out of the house where we lived at Toledo, under pretence of changing the double pistole, not questioning

questioning but his creditors would be very exact calling for their money, and considering how few means of subsistence he had at Toledo, he resolved to return to his own country to sell his estate, and then go seek his fortune.

I was strangely surprized (*continued he*) to see my pigeon-house rebuilt, and some pairs of oxen in my field, which I had left in no such condition at my departure. I applied to a labourer who was hard by at plough, by whom I was informed, that soon after I had left the village (for the reasons I think I formerly told you) the same gentleman who had forced me away had taken possession of my lands, without any opposition, and stock'd them as I saw.

After I had received that information, I went to one of my old neighbours, and published my return all over the village; at which my enemy was much surprized, my absence not having been long enough to give him any pretence to say he knew me.

The dispute ended in an agreement that he should entertain me at his own table as long as I was pleased with it, and if not, should give me handsome spill of money, on condition I should trouble him no further. I accepted the first of these for a while, but with this express clause—that I should have at least the second place at his table; that he should salute me upon all occasions with *Your servant*, &c. and that *God save* should never be heard of: for I'd rather have forsaken all than yielded an ace in that point.

After that accommodation, I remained two years at our village, dragging a sword at my tail,

tail, and honour'd by all the peasants. But last, being weary of that idle life, and finding on the other hand, that the family began to be too familiar with me, I broke off the first bargain, and gave the gentleman to understand I would be gone to the army.

He was so weary of me, that nothing could have pleased him better; and therefore he very generously gave me a horse out of his stable, and what money was necessary to fit me out for the campaign: in consideration whereof I made him a formal resignation of all my pretensions, and bid an everlasting farewell to my country.

CHAP. III.

The Squire continues his Story, and, under Pretence of associating himself with Lazarillo in the Voyage to India, robs him in the Night-time.

A Quarter of a league from the village I left the road to *Catalonia*, and took that to *Madrid*, where I hoped to make my fortune with some less danger than in the army, whither it never had been my intention to go; for, to tell thee the truth, though I have worn a sword all my days, I have had no great inclination to arms, and being of a great soul and aspiring inclinations, I willingly imitate our *grandeers*, who think all the employments in the army beneath them. But, in short, being come to *Madrid*, I sold my horse, and took a handsome chamber, and so began to know and be known in the city.

One evening, as I was going home, I saw a coach stop in a narrow street, by which being necessitated

necessitated to pass very close, I saluted the lady that sat in it, as I thought it was my duty.

I had no sooner gone by, but a footman, pulling me by the cloak, told me the lady in the coach wanted to speak with me.

You will be surprized, sir, (quoth she, when I approached her) at the liberty I take with you; but finding you a stranger, I fancy, by your countenance, you are not a man to refuse a handsome employment.

I thank'd her heartily for her kindness, freely avowing it was that I fought at *Madrid*; adding, that I was a younger brother, and had no great state, and that ———

Enough, enough, (interrupted the lady.) I have long desired to meet with such a gentleman as you. Madam De los Gar Fios, to whom I belong, daily persecuting me to find her a gentleman of the sort: she is one of the greatest ladies of the court, and you'll be very happy in her service, with a good salary, and a coach and footman for yourself, besides the prospect of making your fortune.

I would have thanked her over again. No, no, (said she) you shall thank me when you shall see what I can do to serve you. Come into the coach, and we will talk of that. Where do you lodge?

I told her the place. Very well, (said she) 'tis just the same way I am going, and I will sit you down there.

I was thanking Providence a thousand times, in my own mind, for the happy rencounter that heaven had sent me, when least expected. In the coach she asked me a hundred questions, and leave any body to judge whether I could hide

any thing from my benefactrix, to whom I gave an ample account of the situation of my affairs. When we were come to the street, she would needs go up and see how I was accommodated in my lodgings, but would not allow me to call for a light, telling me with a smile, *she could see well enough*; and then said she, *As I deal with you, I should not care to be known by any body upon my affairs*. When we were got into my room, she would needs have the door left open, and bid her footman stay at it, to see that no one came in; and, as a greater favour, took me to my own bed-side, and sitting down upon it, desired me to sit down by her, and there we discoursed at large of the manner in which I should live with the countess *De los Gar Fios*.

She gave me many advices about my future behaviour, with a particular account of every servant; and so promising to come next day with the same coach, to carry me to be presented to the lady, after mutual assurances of perpetual friendship, she took her leave. I waited upon her to the coach, with a joy much easier to be fancied than express'd: but as soon as I was got back to my chamber, and had got a light, I found that, while the lady was buoying me up with her fine words and great promises, the little footman had foraged my lodgings, where nothing was left that he was able to carry to the coach, not even my cloak bag, in which were all my cloaths and linen, and almost all my money. I ran out into the street like a madman, and followed the coach, till coming to the street where three or four had passed, and

had taken a different way, I was forced to go home again, where I heartily cursed the countess *De las Gar Fios*, and most of all, my own folly.

Thou seest, *Lazarillo*, (*continued the squire*) it was but a bad beginning. There remained but ten pistoles in my pocket, and I was necessitated to lay out one half of it to repair the young rogue's devastation in my equipage. The remainder was all I had left for subsistence; so you may easily fancy I could not well live long without business.

The squire ended the story of his adventures with a description of his present misery. His cloaths were so very bad and tatter'd, that his skin appeared through them in many places, and all he had about him was not worth half a rial.

I so much pitied his condition, that I willingly offered him a share of my bed and supper, which he as readily accepted. I endeavoured to comfort him as much as I could, telling him, that since it was our common case to be reduced to go to *India*, in quest of the favours that Fortune denied us in *Europe*, we ought to bless our stars for bringing us so luckily together, since we might mutually assist each other, there being no greater consolation than that of having a trusty friend for a companion in such a voyage.

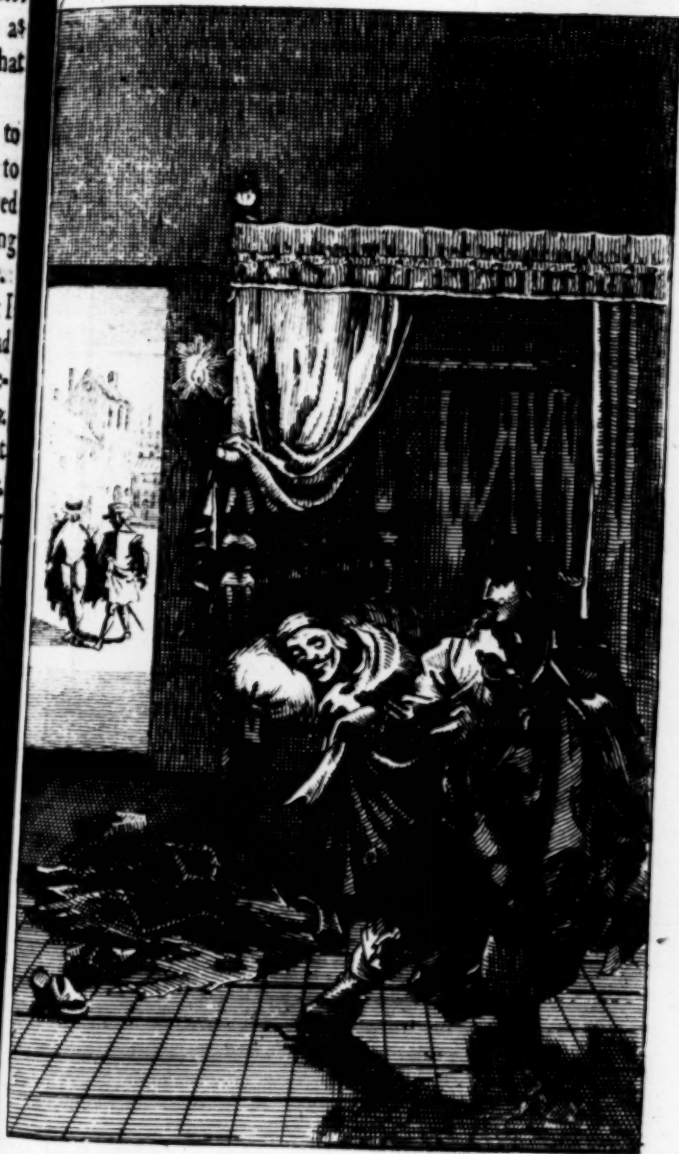
In the next place we went to supper, when we drank our own good healths, and swore to live in good friendship and correspondence. After supper we went to bed, and there continuing to talk of the projects for our *Indian* voyage, we agreed that he should retain his own name of *Don Alonzo Fanegada*, and that I should that of

my father, and stile myself *Don Lazaro Gonfalez*, and that I should pretend to be a gentleman as well as he, it being an easy matter to assume that title in a country where I was not known.

Next morning when I rose, being about to take my cloaths, I was strangely surprized to find neither them nor the 'squire, who had moved off by break of day with all the booty, leaving me nothing but his nasty rags to put about me.

My grief was so excessive, that I thought I should have died that minute; and indeed it had been happy for me, since thereby I had been delivered from a multiplicity of later misfortunes. I cry'd out *Stop thief*, and made such a noise that all the people in the house ran to my chamber. They found me like a swimmer, searching every corner of the room for something to cover myself with; they laughed like fools, and I swore like a carman, heartily resigning to the Devil the thieving braggadocio, who, after entertaining me all night with rhodomontados of the grandeur of his family and person, robbed me in the morning.

My only remedy was to cover myself with the traitor's rags till God should send me better; but where to begin I did not know. I could observe no difference between the jacket and the breeches; I put my legs in the sleeves, and my arms in the breeches. The stockings were like chandler's drawing-sleeves, and the shoes had scarce an inch of sole. The hat I put on the inside outwards, because that was the least greasy; and in this equipage, with abundance of other company, both horse and foot, I set out for *Carthagena*.





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C H A P. IV.

Lazarillo goes to America, and suffers Shipwreck in his Return to Spain. He confesses a Corporal, and alters his Penance. He is driven ashore upon a Plank.

THUS forlorn and forsaken, both by God and man, I jogg'd on towards *Cartagena*, in order to embark for *India*.

Every body gave a taunt as I went by. *There's a curious bat (cry'd one) with a fine feather, like a Flemish hood!*—*What a modish waistcoat here is, like a hog-sye!* cried another: and it can't be otherwise, since your worship is in it, sir; you are so well stor'd with fatted lice, that you have nothing to do but to kill them, and send them ready pickled to your lady. Then comes a roguish boy; Lazarillo (quoth he) how nicely thou art equipp'd! thy stockings become thee wond'rous well, and thy shoes are altogether apostolick.—That is (interrupted an officer) because he's going to preach the Gospel to the Moors.—And, in short, so many banters did they pass upon me, that at last I was fain to find out a bye-path for myself.

It was not long before I arrived at *Cartagena*, where I soon met with a master to go to *America*. I made the best provisions I could for the intended voyage, and setting sail as soon as we were embark'd, we quickly lost sight of land; and so prosperous was our voyage, that in less than three months time we arrived at our port.

I shall not here make mention of the particulars that besel me in the *Indies*, nor of my adventures

tures in our voyage back again : I shall only tell you, that when we were upon the point of discovering the land of *Spain*, I was got up on the quarter deck, to be one of the first beholders of that blessed sight, which was the thing in the world that I most longed for, revolving agreeably in my mind what a pleasure it would be to find myself in a condition, after three years dangers and fatigues, to share with my dear wife and children the little fortune I had acquired by so much toil and labour. I had then in my possession the value of about four or five hundred crowns, with which I resolved to set up a shop, whereby I hoped industriously to support my family, which I designed to settle at *Cadiz*, being the greatest port for trade in *Spain*; but, as the Devil would have it, my misfortunes were not yet so near an end. Of a sudden there arose such a dreadful tempest, that in a few hours time the fleet was quite dispersed, and the pilot and mariners having abandoned our ship to the fury of the winds, we were two whole days between life and death. The waves went up to the very skies, and our hopes diminished in proportion to the increase of the tempest. The cries and lamentations of the people in our vessel made me fancy I was at a passion sermon. The noise was so great, that they could not hear the orders that were given; so that every thing running to confusion, and death being our only hope, they began, for want of priests, to confess to one another, and to demand absolution of profligate wretches that wanted it more than themselves.

The

The proverb says, *It's an ill wind that blows no body profit*; and I observing that all the company was taken up with other matters, ~~die~~ who would, I was resolved to live myself as long as I could; and so going down to the hold, I found good store of bread, wine, pyes, and other such dainties, that no body minded. I began to eat of every thing very heartily, resolving to make good provision in my stomach for the day of judgment; when a soldier coming up to beg me to confess him, and seeming very much surprized to see me eat so heartily, I told him it was for fear the sea-water should make me sick, if I had an empty stomach; at which he burst out laughing, though he had death before his face. Besides that poor penitent, many other passengers made an application to me to become their ghostly father; but I liked the business I was at so well, that till I had stuffed my belly, I was not at all disposed to enter into holy orders.

While these things were passing below deck, the captain, with the priests and some other persons of the greatest note, thought fit to try their fortune in the long-boat; but I not making so good a figure as they, their honours very unwillingly left me behind.

When I was weary of eating, I made a shift to reel towards an excellent hoghead of wine, of which I took a very hearty draught; and then a corporal catching me by the hand, begg'd me to hear a sin he wanted to confess to me, which was, that though he could easily enough have done it, he had neglected to perform a pilgrimage to our Lady of Loretto. I told him, that by the authority

authority I had, I would change his penance to a pilgrimage to *St. James's*, in *Gallicia*.—*That I would do with all my heart* (said he). *But how is it possible now, when we are already half drowned?*—*Well then* (said I) *I think your penance must be to drink the sea dry.* But neither could he do that alone, there being a great many others that were forced to drink as plentifully as he.

By this time, observing we were come to the last extremity, and seeing the ship was every where full of water, undressing myself as fast as I could, I got hold of a plank just as the vessel split against a rock; and though I understood nothing of swimming, I was drove along the shore, and taken up by some fishermen, so bedaub'd with sea ware, that they could not tell at first what to make of me.

C H A P. V.

The Fishermen make a Sea-Monster of Lazarillo in Spite of his Teeth, and, under the Name of a Triton, carry him about for a public Spectacle.

THE coast whither the waves had carried me was so remote from the rock where our ship had split, that, of all the wreck, there was only my plank and myself that had got that length.

At first sight, as I have already insinuated, I was so entangled with sea herbs, that they took me in good earnest for a monster, and drew me out of the water with their hooks, for fear I should have bit their hands off, though upon a nearer view they discovered their error; yet the figure I then made put a fancy in their heads that

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at afterwards cost *Lazarillo* very dear; for having made me spew up the water I had drank, and despoil'd me of the few clothes I had remaining, they carried me to their cottage, where some time after coming to myself, and finding I was naked, and lying upon a nasty straw bed, I hardly knew myself.

Mean time their worships having consulted together (while I was returning thanks to God for my deliverance from so great a danger as that which I remembered I had underwent, and at the same time lamenting my misfortune, in losing in an instant what I had earned with so much labour in three years time) one of the slyest of the mariners came up to me, saying, *How now, Mr. Triton! what news amongst the inhabitants of the sea?—What, I a Triton!* answer'd I. *Don't you see I am a man, like yourself?—Thou art a man!* quoth one of the fishermen: *Thou art a Triton, or marine monster, which thou wilt.*

Upon that all the rest came about me, and told me very impudently, that I was certainly a monster. I told them over and over again, and confirm'd it with my oath, that I was a man, and as much the son of a man as the best burghers of *Madrid*; and that I was married, and had my wife alive, and several children by her.

Come, come, not so much of your noise, Mr. Triton (said one of the confounded mariners) *except you have a mind to be gutted and salted up like one of yonder tunnies!*—I would have answered him, but the rogue immediately taking a knife in his hand, and beginning to whet it, I was afraid he would be as good as his word, and therefore

therefore was glad to be any thing they pleased *Triton, sea monster, herring, or what they would*

Mean time, while I was considering within myself, and wondering where the thing would end, I was quickly undeceived by the fishermen who brought in a great cistern almost full of water, and then binding me up, and covering me all over with herbs and sea ware, made me fast in such a manner, that I had nothing out of the water but my head, which was supported by a machine that lay under my breast; they fix'd a long beard upon my chin, put a hat of a marine complexion on my head, and a tunny's tail they apply'd to my posteriors, as if that had been in natural situation.

Besides all this, they made fast a small rope to my beard, which by a certain secret conveyance penetrating the cistern, came out unseen under one end of it, in such manner that, by giving a pull, they could make me duck whenever they thought fit.

C H A P. VI.

Lazarillo being metamorphos'd into a Triton, and carried about Spain.

WHEN the machine was adjust'd to their mind, they published every where that they had catch'd a *Triton*; and so many people came to see me the very first day, that though they took but a quarter of a rial a-piece, they got a great deal of money.

When the people began to come in, I would fain have spoke; but he whose business it was to tell





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All the story of the *Triton* would give my beard-
 string such a pull, that I was forced to duck like
 a frog, and so was fain to hold my tongue, for
 fear of being stifled. On the other hand, the
 fishermen, being pleased with the good success of
 their stratagem, resolved to carry me all over
 Spain; and for that effect, making a small pre-
 sent of their best fish to the officers of the Inqui-
 sition, they easily obtained a licence to expose
 in public view a fish that had the face of a man.
 Thus was I carried about in a cart, attended
 by my three cruel masters, of whom one served
 in quality of carman, another was my histo-
 rian, and the third took care to pull the rope
 when I seemed inclinable to tattle, which was a
 privilege never allow'd me in company. One
 day I asked them who the devil had put it into
 their heads that I was a sea monster, since they
 could not but in conscience know that I was
 a man, seeing me eat and drink and speak like
 myself? And therefore I told them they
 ought not to keep me any longer in that nasty
 prison, which would be my death at last.

Hold thy peace! (cry'd my guardian). *We best
 know what is fit for thee; and being a fish, as thou
 plainly art, thou could'st not live four-and-twenty
 hours out of the water, and therefore thou must
 thank God that thou art fallen into such hands as
 we well know how to govern such a monster as thou.*
 To this I had nothing to answer; for
 whenever I attempted so much as to say one
 word, they would give my beard-string such a
 pull, that I was forced to duck till I was half
 dead; and therefore I resolved to be content
 with

with being a fish; as long as it should please God and those devils of fishermen, who were continually jeering poor *Lazarillo*, and singing the commendations of the fish that got them the living without working.

After that, they had the impudence to come to *Madrid*, where, though their profit was very considerable, by the confluence of great numbers of courtiers, as well as other idle people, it proved at last much less than my masters expected in that great city, where they met with mischance that they had not at all foreseen.

Amongst other persons that came to see me, were some malicious students, who not being easily imposed upon, one of them began to cry pretty loud, that I was as much a *Triton* as he was, and that both the mariners and the *Tritons* deserv'd to be whipt through the streets of *Madrid*, and then sent to the galleys.

Alas! (thought I to myself) *how patient would I compound for an hundred lashes, and ten years rowing in the galleys!* heartily praying that the scholar's advice might be taken. But at that moment I attempted to open my mouth, a vigilant centinel plunged me in the water till my breath was almost out of my body; and the noise they made every time I duck'd, hindered any further discovery by the students.

They threw me pieces of bread, which I quickly snatch'd up, as I should have done a great deal more, if it had been given me. And remembering then the abundance in which I lived at *Toledo*, and the pleasure I enjoyed in the society of my German companions, with

lish of the excellent wine I used to cry thro' the streets of *Toledo*, I heartily pray'd that God would work such another miracle as that of *Anna* in *Galilee*, that I might not be destroy'd by my capital enemy, water.

Mean time my masters being much alarmed at the discourse of the students, and afraid of the consequences that might attend such a discovery, thought fit to dislodge that very day, and shew me up and down the country, where they knew the people were not so cunning.

One night, lodging at a village between *Madrid* and *Toledo*, and my guards being all sound asleep, endeavouring in vain to untye the ropes with which I was bound, I bestirr'd myself so forcibly, that the machine in which I was overturning, and the water thereupon all running out, I began to make a terrible noise, and to cry out for help as loud as ever I could. Upon that the fishermen, perceiving the trick I had play'd them, to prevent my further crying, fill'd my mouth with herbs, and the better to stifle the matter, began to cry out *Justicia! Justicia!* and fill'd up the cistern again in a trice.

The landlord, upon hearing the noise, came in with a halbert, and all the rest of his family with spits and forks, and calling out for help, the house was quickly filled with the people of the neighbourhood, who brought along with them a commissary and six serjeants, who asking the mariners what the matter was, they readily answer'd, that 'twas thieves who would have stolen away their sea monster; upon which centinels were posted in all the corners of the house,

to

to prevent their escape. It happened that the water which had been spilt went down through a hole to a room under ground, where the land lord's daughter lay, who having charitably received that night one of her gallants to a share of her bed, they were not a little surprized at the deluge of water, which run directly down upon them, and being yet more affrighted at the noise that was in the house, they both agreed to make the best of their way out at a low window, but it being a moon-shine night, they were unhappily observed by the serjeants, pursued, and immediately taken, not being able to run far with their bare feet, and without examination were committed to gaol. Upon which the fishermen removed early in the morning to Toledo without troubling themselves with the fate of the poor young woman and her gallant,

C H A P. VII.

Lazarillo is carried to Toledo, and swoons at the Sight of his Wife big with Child, and ready to be married to another Husband.

HOW vain and empty a thing is man, without the assistance of God's providence! My endeavours to obtain my liberty only served to embitter my miserable condition, by irritating my cruel masters, who upon the road to *Valencia* gave me many a heavy blow. How now, *Mr. Monster!* did they cry. You're for making your escape, and don't know when you're well off; but we'll endeavour to teach you better manners before we have done with you. And at this rate being

thump'd

ump'd about, and half dead with hunger, at
they brought me to *Toledo*, where they hired
lower room in the inn where I formerly lived.
We had not been there above half an hour,
when half the town was got about the house;
and I was not a little surprized to see, amongst
the rest, my wife and my little daughter *Teresa*,
who being then between five and six years of age,
seemed as pretty as an angel, so that I could not
restrain from weeping bitterly at that sight.

I used my utmost endeavours to conceal my
tears and sobs from my cruel guardians, that I
might the longer be suffered to enjoy the sight of
the object which I could have wished to have had
a thousand eyes to look upon; though, after all,
I was heartily sorry that those who had deprived
me of my speech had not deprived me of my life;
for looking upon my wife with some attention,
I saw—Oh, shall I tell it!—I saw, alas! I saw
her belly was up to her chin.

I shall leave the reader to imagine how griev-
ously it vex'd me to consider that I had not any
shadow of reason to think she was with-child by
me, since I had been above three years absent.

When we lived together, she used to tell me,
Lazarillo, don't you ever be so unjust as to fancy
that I will do you any wrong; and I (God help
me!) had so much confidence in her honesty,
that I shunn'd all evil thoughts of her no less
than the Devil does holy water, but living
quietly and joyfully, without any jealousy, I
consider'd frequently in my own mind, that it
was in vain for a man to disturb his happiness
with such imaginations, since, though it be true
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that many a man hugs a child that has nothing of his but the name, so likewise many a father hates his own children, upon a groundless fancy that his wife makes him a cuckold.

At first I would fain have reckoned the months and days that I had been absent; but finding no ground of consolation on that side, and the news of my little daughter being a farther demonstration of the matter, I then would fain have flattered myself with the hopes that my dear old bedfellow had got a dropsy; but in that too, the Devil would have it, I was quickly undeceived, to my very great mortification, and sufficiently convinced of all that had been told me formerly about the *Corregidor*; for no sooner was she gone out of the room, than two old women, who staid behind, began to talk of her. *What do you think of Bridget?* says one. *She has no lack of her husband.*—*By whom is she with child?* says the other.—*By whom!* reply'd the first: *whom but Signior Lorenzo, who is so kind, that to avoid the scandal of having her cry out at his house, he marries her on Sunday next to Pedro Gabacho, who will be as patient a cuckold as my old acquaintance Lazarillo.*

I was so deeply penetrated in the most sensible part by their discourse, that I fell a sweating tho' in the middle of the water, and my spirit failing me at once, I swoon'd away, falling quite down in the tub. This being observed by the mariners, they quickly obliged all the people to remove, when pulling up my head, and finding me without any pulse, or other sign of life, they speedily emptied the cistern, and omitted nothing

nothing which they thought might contribute to my preservation, which was of such importance to them, that fearing I was past recovery, they began to lament their great misfortune in my loss. But being afraid that by my death their villainy might be discovered, the traitors agreed to throw me that night into the river; which certainly had been effected, if the Almighty, in his mercy, had not by a happy accident prevented their design.

C H A P. VIII.

Lazarillo being carried in a Bag to be thrown into the River, is delivered by the Watch, and his Conductors punished.

THE villains, believing I was really dead, put me in a bag, and laying me upon one of the mules that drew their cart, designed, it seems, to give their sham *Triton* a grave that might be answerable to the element in which he had lived amongst them. By good luck, however, they had laid me upon my belly, so that the motion of the mule making the water I had swallowed come up again, I soon came to my senses, and was glad to find myself out of the water. I wondered where I was, and what my tormentors were about to do with me; when listening to their discourse, I was strangely surprized to hear they were going to throw me into the river. *We must take care* (cry'd one) *to find out the deepest place. — And let's remember* (said another) *to make fast a great stone to his neck, that the rogue may keep below water.*

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Upon

Upon this I began to say my prayers very heartily; and while I was considering the dangerous situation I was in, I heard the noise of some people passing by pretty near, and began to cry out *Murder!* with all my might. Happily for me it was the watch, who coming immediately to my assistance, they found me in the bag, like a sous'd mackrel, and conducted us to a place of security, the fishermen, the mule and myself, the first being accommodated in the dungeon, the other in a stable, and myself in bed.

Next morning, being all interrogated before the judge, the fishermen acknowledged they had carried me all over *Spain*, but alledged they had done it believing me a fish, and having first obtained license from the judges of the Inquisition. At that I up and told the whole story, and how they had fix'd me in such a manner that I could not so much as speak one word; and hence Mrs. *Bridget* was sent for, to witness whether I was the very same *Lazarillo* I pretended to be.

My wife came in accordingly, and looking very attentively upon me, said, 'twas true I had some resemblance to her good husband, but that she verily believed it was not he, because, though he was a mere dunce, she thought he would rather have been a fly than a fish: and so very modestly dropping a curtesie, she took her leave.

Upon that, my adversariorious traitor of an attorney required very impudently that I should be burnt, as being undoubtedly a monster, which he said he would oblige himself to prove. Now (thought I to myself) *then the devil's in it, if the*
inchant

canter can transform me into what he pleases,
he may get me sent to the fire as soon as I am
out of the water.

But the judges commanding silence, a mes-
senger was sent, at my request, to bring before
me Signior Lorenzo, who, in the *corregidor's*
house, had always been my good friend, and who
according to the information I had the day be-
fore (of the two old women) had taken the pains
to perform family duty for me in my absence.

My complexion was so strangely altered, that
when he came first in, he pretended not to know
me, till putting him in mind of some secret pas-
sages, and particularly how I had met with him
one night in my wife's room, he (not being de-
sired to put me to the trouble of giving a more
public account of such authentic tokens) at last
acknowledged that 'twas true I was his honest
friend *Lazarillo*.

The dispute was ended by the testimony of the
captain of the ship, who had made his escape in
a long-boat; and the account he gave of the
matter being confirm'd by what the fishermen
acknowledged themselves of the time that they
had taken me up, they were condemned to two
hundred lashes, and all their goods confiscated,
one third to the king, another to the city pri-
ors, and the remainder to your humble servant.
Their stock amounted to two thousand rials,
besides two mules and a cart, of which (all
charges deducted) I had about thirty ducats; so
that while the mariners were naked and half
starved, I was rich and content, never having been
in want of so much money before.

From thence I went to an old acquaintance where (after I had swallowed some glasses wine to take the taste of the water out of my mouth) I purchased a glorious equipage, and then went walking through the streets as great a lord, feasting myself like a prince, honoured by my friends, feared by my enemies, and revered by all. My former misfortunes served only to increase my present happiness and future hopes. Affliction humbles mankind, and prosperity makes them proud. As long as my thousands of ducats lasted, I would not have called the blackest of my countrymen my cousin. Set a beggar a horse-back, and he will ride you know whither. That's the true Spanish temper; for if they get but a rial in their possession, they think they shall never be poor again; and if you ask one of those scoundrels what he is, he will tell you he's descended from the *Goths*, and that 'tis only his adverse fortune that keeps him low; nor will he yield an account to any body, thinking all the world inferior to himself: and so unaccountable is their pride, that for the greatest part, they will rather starve than apply themselves to any trade, and such of them as humble themselves so far as to be tradesmen slight their business so very much, that you will hardly meet with a good workman in all Spain.

I remember a chimney-sweeper in *Salamanca* who, when he was called to do any business, used always to be complaining of his cruel destiny, that reduced him to so mean an employment, being descended (as he said he was) of a very illustrious family, renowned for its power and grandeur; and curiosity exciting me one day

ask who that braggadocio's great relations
 re, I was told that his father in the harvest
 ed to tread in the wine press, and in the winter
 kill hogs, and that his mother was a tripe-
 s great danger.

But to return to my own affairs. Having de-
 cided to see my wife till I should be in a condi-
 tion which I thought would make her fond of
 my company, I purchased an old velvet suit,
 and a cloak of *Segovia* stuff, with a stiletto of a
 most unconscionable length, in which I made
 such a glorious figure, that I did not question
 but at first sight my spouse would humbly sue
 for my most gracious pardon for all the offences she
 had committed. But once a whore, and ever a
 whore. All the water in the sea will not make
 Blackamoor change his colour. I found her
 newly married and brought to bed, and had no
 sooner enter'd the room where she lay, but she
 began to cry out, that if they did not take that
 rascal out of her sight, she would get up and
 pull the glaring eyes out of the monster's head.
 To that I answered very coldly, and with an
 exemplary patience, that she need not give her-
 self that trouble, for that, if she was not pleased
 to acknowledge me for her husband, I was very
 ready to relinquish all pretensions to her as a
 wife, desiring only my little daughter, whom
 I told her I was then in a condition to marry to
 her advantage; for I fancy'd I should never see the
 end of my thirty ducats, believing they would be
 like *Little John* the man of *Gad's* thirty marve-
 lies, which were no sooner spent but as many
 more were conjur'd into his pocket. But I being

the devil's *Lazarillo*, it went quite otherwise with me. As to the child, my wife denied my demand, and very civilly told me that the daughter was none of mine, of which she effectually convinc'd me, by producing an extract of the record of her baptism, whereby it plainly appeared that the child was born within four months after the first knowledge I had of my wife.—As soon as my first astonishment was over, washing my hands, and shaking the dust off my feet, as emblems of my innocence and last farewell, I turn'd about, and left the house with as much ease as if I had never known it.

From thence I went to tell my friends the story, who were very glad to see me so easily comforted. After which, being unwilling to resume my former place of public cryer, as inconsistent with my velvet cloaths, I had nothing to do but walk about the streets, where meeting one day with an old woman of my acquaintance she told me, amongst other things, that my wife began to change her tone, since she had heard that I had money, and that the devil and all was to do between her and her new husband.

I then ask'd how such an alteration had come about, and was told that *Don Lorenzo* and my wife were debating one day together whether it would be fit to take me home again, and chase away *Gabacho*, and alledging reasons on both sides; who having been over-heard by him, he cunningly dissembled the matter, till going one day to work in a garden of olives, when his wife and mine went about noon to carry him his dinner, he stripp'd her naked as she was born

and then making her fast to a tree, he flogg'd
 her in a very liberal manner; after which,
 taking a bundle of her cloaths, and pulling her
 rings off her fingers, he went away, and left her
 bound to the tree, naked and bloody: in which
 condition 'tis very likely she had died, if Signior
 Lorenzo had not charitably sent some persons to
 her assistance. She further told me, that she
 was well assured my wife would make me very
 welcome, if I employ'd any mediator to compose
 our differences, having heard that much from
 her own mouth; adding, that she had heard her
 say, *Unfortunate wretch! Why did I not admit
 of simple Lazarillo, who was neither scornful nor
 scrupulous, but let me live as I list'd?*
 The old woman's story went so near my heart,
 that I had almost taken her advice without any
 more ado; but, upon second thoughts, I unhap-
 pily resolv'd to consult my friends about it.

C H A P. IX.

*Lazarillo goes to Law with Don Lorenzo and
 his Wife.*

HOW strange is the temper of mankind!
 They seem to be of the nature of the hens,
 and make a cackling like them, when they're
 doing any good; and when they do any mischief
 conceal it carefully from every body, lest they
 should be dissuaded from it.

Away I went to see a friend, with whom I
 found three or four others (for since I had got
 money in my pockets they were multiply'd like
 bees), and gave them an account of my design of

F 4. returning.

returning to my wife, telling them I had better do that than light of worse.

But they were all combined to shame me out of that pious design. They told me that 'twas a mean and cowardly fancy, to think of returning after that manner to a common strumpet and, in short, they said so much to me, that resolved I would not be at the pains to employ any body to effect a reconciliation.

Upon that my friends (or rather my enemies) perceiving how well their arguments had wrought, under great pretences of affection, advised me, for the vindication of my honour, and to prevent the total ruin of my family and reputation, to enter a process against *Don Lorenzo* and my wife, which they said could not cost me above a *carelus* in all, since they who were my dearest friends were the ministers of the law, whom I should have occasion to employ.

One, who was a solicitor of endless causes, offered me an hundred ducats for my damages; and another who was more expert (as being attorney-general to the whores) advised me not to take less than two or three hundred. The third, who was a serjeant, assured me that he remembered many instances where the plaintiffs, in more doubtful and less important suits than mine, had recovered very considerable damages; and that he had the better opinion of mine, because he was assured that, at the very first instance, *Signior Lorenzo* would fill my pockets, and bribe them handsomely, to prevent any farther proceedings, and then prevail with me to make up the matter with my wife; which would be much

more

more honourable and profitable too for me, than such a patch'd accommodation as was then proposed. In short, they so exaggerated the matter, and ply'd me so warmly, that though it was my inclination to forgive, and to shew a great example of my resignation, by accomplishing the most difficult command of God, in pardoning my enemies, they prevailed upon me to follow their advice, before I could meet with any body to give me a better.

Nor was it without some aversion that I at last undertook that unhappy suit. I consider'd with myself, notwithstanding my wife's small failings, 'twas by her means that I first got up in the world, and had the honour to serve in a public office; though it's true that even then she made me the town-talk.

As for the child, who she said was none of mine, whether that be so, or not, God knows; she may have been mistaken as well as I; and so may many others, who reading these memoirs of my life, will laugh at my misfortunes, though perhaps they work hard to maintain another man's brat, and all the while think their wives as honest as *Lucretia*.

But to proceed in my story. All the reflections I could make were useless; the process was at last commenced against *Don Lorenzo* and my wife at once, and being then flush of money, in four and twenty hours they were both fast in prison.

My good friends then began to tell me, that I ought not to trouble myself for the money I laid out, since all the costs would fall upon *Don Lorenzo*; and therefore I liberally laid out more than

than I need to have done, to make it cost him the dearer, thereby untiling my own house and break my neighbour's windows: so that, smelling my money as flies do honey, they went at first so briskly, that in less than fifteen days the suit was gone a great length, and my purse was very light. We met with little difficulty in proving the allegations of the bill, for the serjeants had catch'd them napping, and carried them to gaol naked as they were.

The witnesses were numerous, and their depositions true; but no sooner did my friends (the attorneys, solicitors and catchpoles) begin to find my pocket was at an ebb, but they immediately grew so lazy that they would not stir a foot-step without more spurring than if they had been a many hackneys.

The delays were so great, that *Don Lorenzo* and his agents, suspecting the true cause, easily brought over to the other side (by the influence of their cash) all my trusty lawyers who had engaged me in the suit; and so, like the weight of a clock, *Don Lorenzo* mounted up as I fell down. Indeed he managed his affairs so well that in a fortnight he got out of prison, and in eight days more, with the assistance of some knights of the post, *Signior Lazarillo* was condemned publicly to beg his pardon in his shirt and to perpetual banishment. Accordingly I ask'd his pardon, as it was fit a man should do who with twenty crowns had ventur'd to go to law with one that measured them by bushels, and surrendering even my shirt to help to pay the charges, I went into banishment as naked as

I came into the world. A little while before I was rich, and at law with the richest man in Toledo (which was a task for a prince) respected by my friends, fear'd by my enemies, and look'd upon by all as a man of honour, who would not suffer any stain in his reputation; and in a moment my condition was entirely changed, and I was hunted out of the place I had so long desired to see, which I loved so dearly, and where I had enjoy'd so many pleasant hours.

But, in short, covering my nakedness with some rags I found upon a dung-hill, I began to comfort myself with the common consolation of the miserable, *That being now as low as it was possible I could be, my circumstances might be better, but never could be worse.*

I remembered what I had once heard my blind master say in one of his preachments, *That all mankind rise and fall by the wheel of Fortune, some going with its motion, and some against it; and that there was this difference between them, that those who mount most easily fall down again with the same facility, whereas those who with much difficulty and labour attain to grandeur, preserve themselves more steadily in it.* I easily observ'd that I was one of the former, having often in a trice arrived to a good condition, and as frequently and suddenly fallen from it; and that then I might well have said, *That coming naked into the world, I still was naked, and had neither won nor lost.*

In this condition I trotted on to Madrid, begging the charity of those I met with on the road, some of whom pity'd my misfortunes, and others laugh'd at them.

The vintage had been so plentiful that year, that at every house I came to they ask'd me if I would drink, I suppose that they might spare their bread; and I hated so much to refuse people's civility, that sometimes I had four or five quarts of wine in my belly before I had eat any thing. However, having neither wife nor child to care for, I enjoy'd myself very contentedly.

For my part, I think the beggar's life is the happiest in the world; and if great folks knew the sweetness of it, they would abandon all their riches to enjoy it, as the philosophers, who forsook all to obtain that, there being only this difference between them,—that whereas the philosophers relinquish'd all their possessions to attain that happiness, the beggars enjoy it without paying any thing for it:—those forsook their riches, and all their pleasures, to contemplate without interruption the secrets of the Divinity and Nature; whereas these indulge their appetites to the highest degree:—the philosophers threw themselves into the sea; whereas they drown themselves in wine:—the philosophers despised earthly things, as mean and perishable, and unworthy of their application; and the beggars are hardly sensible of any thing but earthly pleasures; their lives are easier and sweeter than those of emperors, kings or popes, and for that reason your humble servant *Lazarillo* thought he could not meet with any business fitter for him.

C H A P. X.

Lazarillo turns Porter.

TO understand to perfection the meanest art or science, requires the greatest capacity and skill. If you bid a shoemaker, that has been thirty years in the trade, make a pair of shoes with broad toes, high in the instep, and tight about the heel, he must pare your feet before he pleases you ; or ask a philosopher why fly's dung is black upon a white place, and white upon a black, he will blush like a maid on her wedding night, and answer nothing to the purpose.

As I was passing *Illescas*, 'twas my chance to meet with an arch beggar of my old acquaintance, whom I thought it very proper to consult how I should behave myself, the better to succeed in my new employment ; and he advised me, for the prevention of all inconveniences, to exercise the begging trade under the covert of some other pretended employment, such as that of a chimney-sweeper, porter, or pimp, telling me, that for want of that precaution, after he had followed the business twenty years himself, he had received two hundred stripes but the day before, as a vagabond. I heartily thank'd him for his information, and promised to follow his advice.

As soon as I arrived at *Madrid*, I procured a little rope, with which I went to my station in the market-place, as glad as a cat that has got a yard of tripe.

The

The first that employ'd me was a maid (God forgive me if I belie her!) who seem'd to be about eighteen, and carried herself as hypocritically as a nun of that age. She bid me follow her, and led me through so many bye ways, that I thought she only intended to make a fool of me. At last we came to a house, by the appearance of which, and of the women that were dancing in it, I easily guess'd their trade.

As soon as we were in her chamber, she ask'd me if I would be paid for my labour before-hand; to which I answer'd, that it would be time enough for that when I had done my business. The box was very light, containing only some phials of essence and washes, and taking it under my arm, I followed her strait to the gate of *Guadalvara*, where she told me she was to take the waggon, to go to the fair of *Negera*; adding very freely, that she had been eight years of the trade, and that the first that debauch'd her was a captain, who lived at *Sevil*, the place of her birth, who kept her at an old bawd's, where she was liberally provided with all manner of necessaries, till she was taken thence by a rich young 'squire, who dying soon after, left her a good sum of money, which having spent in a little time, she was forced to work for her living.

By this time we were come to the waggon, which was just going, and I deliver'd her the box, desiring she would pay me. *Yes* (said the whore) *with all my heart*; and giving me a confounded slap on the chops, *You blockhead*, (said she) *did I not tell you, before we came out, that you might pay yourself, if you would? And are you such*

a coxcomb as to expect any other payment from persons of my character? Then skipping nimbly into the waggon, she left me as dull as a monkey, not knowing what to think of myself, considering that if my successes should always be answerable to such a hopeful beginning, what a good hand I should make of it at the year's end.

By the time that I thought of moving, another waggon arrived from *Alcala de Henarez*, with a company of scholars, whores, and friars. One of the latter, of the order of *St. Francis*, ask'd me if I would carry his trunk to the convent, which I willingly agreed to, hoping to come better off with him than with the strumpet; and tho' the burden was so heavy that I was hardly able to walk under it, I jogg'd on as merrily as I could, in hopes to be very well paid.

When I came to the monastery, tired and weary, the friar taking his trunk, *God reward you, friend!* said he; then going in, shut the door after him. I, not knowing what he meant, waited for his coming to pay me, but seeing no appearance of it, I knock'd at the door, and told the porter I wanted to be paid for bringing a trunk thither; but he answer'd, that I must expect my payment in heaven, for that they paid no body; adding, that it was then the hour of silence, and that if I made any more noise he would anoint me with a rope's end.

While I stood there trembling with cold, a poor man that was at the door told me that I might go my ways, for that those fathers handled no money, but lived upon the public charity. *Let them live on what they will* (said I)
they

they shall pay me for my labour, or the devil shall be in 'em! And so beginning to knock with greater fury, out comes a lusty lay-brother, and without speaking a word, gave me such a thump upon the breast that I fell down upon my back, and then he so belabour'd me with his knees and his knotty girdle, and left me so bruised, that I thought the steeple of *Saragossa* had fallen upon me. There I lay above half an hour without being able to stir, and heartily cursed my misfortune and the strength of the rustic brother, who I thought would have been fitter to serve our sovereign lord the king, than eat up the portion of the poor. But it seems the emperor *Charles V.* was of a different opinion, when he told the general of the *Cordeliers* (who offer'd him 22,000 men of his order to serve in the war, between the age of twenty-two and forty) *that he thank'd him for his kindness, but could not accept on't, unless he could also furnish him with 22,000 pottage-pots he should have occasion to employ every day in dressing their victuals; for that he very well knew the friars were fitter for the table than the camp.*

As for my part, ever since that time (God forgive me!) I have had such a terrible aversion to those fat lay-brethren, that I had rather see the Devil than one of them. And so heartily cursing the trade, and him that advised me to it, I resolv'd to give it over, but thought that I would first make up the four-and-twenty hours, as it is usual in *Spain* to do by those that die suddenly, to see whether they will come to life again.

C H A P. XI.

What happen'd to Lazarillo with an old Bawd.

BEING half dead with hunger, as I was going into the city to seek relief, I was met by an old bawd, with teeth as long as an elephant's, who told me she would give me a groat to carry a trunk to a friend's house of her's, hard by.

Being charm'd with these sweet words, I heartily thank'd God, and told the good old woman that I was ready to wait upon her; though the truth of the matter is, that I had a greater mind to finger the pence than to carry any burden, having more need to be carried myself. However, at last I took the trunk upon my back, which was very large, and very heavy.

The old woman desired me to take particular care of it, because therein were several phials and glasses, containing things which she valued very much; to which I answer'd, that she need not trouble herself, and that I should walk very leisurely, as indeed I could not do otherwise, being so much weaken'd as I was by hunger.

At last we came to the house, where the trunk was received with a great deal of civility by a girl tolerably handsome, who said she would take care of it herself, and the old woman giving her the key, desired her to keep it till she came back from *Segovia*, which would be in four days; and then whispering in her ear, told her something that made her look as red as a rose. The old woman then ask'd the father and mother's pardon for the freedom she took in their house;

to

to which they very civilly answer'd, that she might make use of it as her own. Then taking her leave, she paid me my groat, and desired me to come to her next morning, telling me I should then have such another job.

Away I went, with a lighter heart and a heavier purse than I had had since the thirty ducats were spent. I laid out three-pence at supper, and kept a penny for my bed, and was so perfectly revived with the good effects of the old woman's groat, that I fancied I was as strong as Sampson, and as brave as Hercules.—*Oh, precious money!* did I cry, *with how much reason is it that the greatest part of mankind makes thee their god? for though thou art the root of all evil, thou art the inventor and preserver of all arts, and the fortifier and destroyer of towns and cities; by thee kingdoms are established and overturned; thou art the encourager of virtue, and the corruptor of it; by thee virgins preserve their chastity, and by thee they lose it; and, in short, thou discoverest all secrets, and overcomest all difficulties.*

Next morning I did not fail to pay my respects to the old gentlewoman at the time appointed, and she immediately took me to the place whither I had carried the trunk the day before. Being arrived there, she told the master of the house, that going to see her relation in *Segovia*, she had met her upon the road, within half a league of *Madrid*; and then thanking him for his civility, she desired to have the trunk again. Upon that the daughter, embracing her more kindly than she had done before, return'd her the key, and when they had whisper'd a little, they

they both help'd me up with the burden, which seemed lighter than the day before, because my belly was not so empty. But in coming down stairs, there lay a stick in my way, which, as the Devil would have it, getting in between my legs, made me tumble to the bottom, and the trunk flying open with the violence of the fall, discovered a handsome young gallant, with his sword and dagger. The young 'squire had a coat and breeches of green velvet, with green silk stockings, white shoes, and a green feather, and (seeming not at all to be daunted) when he had made his honours very gallantly, he made the best of his way to the door.

At first they were all so astonish'd at the sight, that they could not utter a word; but coming to themselves again, they call'd out for two young sparks, the sons of the house, to whom having related the affair, in they run for their swords, with which coming out in a great fury, crying *Kill! Kill!* they made after the gallant, but found that he had not been fool enough to wait their coming.

The father and mother, who staid behind, thought at least to have secured the bawd, to revenge themselves of her; but the good matron had taken care, in the beginning of the fray, to move out at a back door with the unfortunate daughter. So that, missing of their expectation there, the whole weight of the matter fell upon me, who was not able to stir; and at the same time the two brothers coming back, full of sweat and fury, fell a swearing, that since they could not find the infamous villain that had dishonour'd their

their family, they would sacrifice their whorl
sister, and the impudent old bawd that had oc-
casioned their shame.

*Why did I not meet that Belzebub, (said the
one) with a whole legion of his most infernal devils
to slaughter them like mushrooms! Come hither
devils, come hither! But why do I spend my breath
to call you, since even in the place where you are you
tremble at my very name, much less durst you appear
before me! And as for that wretch, if I had met
with him, with one blow I would have toss'd him
far off, that he should never have been heard of!*

*And if I had catch'd him (answer'd the other)
the greatest piece I should have left of him would
have been the ear! But if he be in the world, or
though he is out of it, he shan't escape my hands
for if he hides himself in the center of the earth,
I will pull him out of his hole.*

During these rhodomontado's, poor Lazarillo
was deadly afraid that all the fury of the brothers,
and of half a score youths that were about, would
fall to his share: nor was he deceiv'd in his ex-
pectation, for in a moment great and small fell
about my ears; some kick'd, others cuff'd, and
the young ones pull'd me by the hair till they
hardly left any on my head; while, on the other
hand, the women prick'd me with their needles,
and scratch'd me with their nails. *Let's kill him!*
says one. *Let's rather throw him in the vault!*
says another. Then a kick in the belly, a cuff
on the ear, and a needle run up to the eye in my
breech. And thus about it went, till being
spent with blows and crying, they left off their
beating, though not their threatening, at the
request

request of their father, who told me they should do me no more harm, if I would give them an account who the villain was that had robb'd him of his honour. But not having my wits about me, and never having seen the spark till he leap'd out of the trunk, I could not give them any answer; and so to work they fell afresh, with greater fury than before, in spite of all my cries and tears, and all the complaints I made against my adverse fortune, that was so fertile in new inventions to torment me. At last they consented to give over, and though I told them the real truth of the matter, as far as I knew, they would not believe a word I said: so that, finding it was in vain to speak the truth, I resolv'd to lye, and thereby to deceive them if I could; and offering to discover the author of the injury, they not only left off beating me, but promised me wonders. The first question ask'd me, was his name, and where he lived; to which I answer'd, that I knew neither of the names, but if they would carry me (for I was not able to walk) I would shew them his house.

They were glad to hear that; and giving me a little wine, which came in very good time, two of them took me under the arm-pits, and air'd me up and down the streets of *Madrid*.

The people that saw me go by wonder'd what the matter could be. Some said they were carrying me to prison, and others to the hospital; but the devil of one of them drew their purse-strings; and I, as much confused and astonish'd as any body, knew not what I should make of the matter at last. If I had called out for help, they

they would have put me into the hands of justice, which I dreaded above all things; and to run away it was impossible, amidst such a crowd of the family, and their relations and servants, of whom eight or ten were arm'd like as many *St. George's*.

We went from street to street, they not knowing whither I was going, nor I whither I was carrying them; till coming to the *Sun Gate*, I saw through that a sop coming along upon his tip-toes, his cloak under his arm, a fine glove in one hand and a gilliflower in the other, and tripping along with such an air, that you would have taken him for the duke of *Infantado's* first cousin, whom observing more narrowly, I found to be the 'squire, my old master, who had robb'd me of my clothes; and doubtless my good friend *St. Anthony* brought him in my way, for I had said over all the litanies I had learned of the old man, that Heaven might send me some extraordinary assistance. And this being such a fine opportunity of hitting two birds with one stone, by revenging myself of my blustering master, and delivering myself from my persecutors, resolving I would not let it slip, *Take care, gentlemen!* said I; *yonder comes the ravisher of the honour of your family, who has been changing his clothes.*

That was enough. The heroes in a fury asking which was he, I had no sooner said the word but on him they run, and taking him by the collar, threw him down into the kennel, and gave him a thousand kicks with their feet, and as many blows with their fists. One of the damsel's brothers would have run his sword thro'
his

is guts, but his father would not suffer it, and calling for a commissary, my gentleman was tackled; while in the mean time, observing every one was busy, I made the best use I could of my heels, till I came to a place where I thought I was out of their reach.

His worship having known me, at first imagined it was some of my relations, that wanted satisfaction for my clothes. *Let me alone!* cry'd he. *Let me alone, and I will pay for two suits of clothes.* But the company not understanding what he meant, after they had thump'd him about till they were weary, carried him all in hood to the next gaol.

CHAP. XII.

Lazarillo leaves Madrid to go back to his own Country, and what happens to him in the Way.

Was so much weaken'd by all my misfortunes, that I was not able to leave *Madrid* so soon as I could have wished, and therefore I staid some days in that city, where I fared pretty well; for being unable to walk, I got a pair of crutches, and asking an alms from door to door, and from convent to convent, I soon began to recover; and indeed I had not left that place so soon, if I had not been quicken'd by hearing a beggar tell the story of the trunk to his companions, adding, that the person who had been put in prison had proved that he did not commit the fact, but was home when the affair happened, and that one of his neighbours had seen him otherwise all that day, but as when he was taken;
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but that, notwithstanding, he had been banish'd from *Madrid* as a vagabond ; and that the young woman's relations were looking after a port that had been concern'd in the affair, and swore they would kill him wherever they found him.

At these words I began to bethink myself what I should do, and so putting a plaister upon one of my eyes, I shaved my beard like a friar, and in that manner assured myself that even my own mother could not have known me ; and in that condition I left *Madrid*, designing to return to *Tejarez*, to try if fortune would be kinder to me at the place of my birth than elsewhere.

In my way I saw the palace of the *Escuria*, which sufficiently denoted the grandeur of the monarch it belonged to ; for though it was not then finished, it might well be reckoned among the wonders of the world ; and though the place where it is built be mountainous and barren, the air is extremely wholesome and temperate, and the heat is as moderate in the Summer as the cold is in the Winter.

Half a league beyond that I met a company of gipsies that lived in a subterraneous cave, who spying me at some distance, took me at first, for my equipage, to be one of themselves, but coming nearer they perceived their mistake, and went aside a little, I suppose about some consultation. They told me that was not the road to *Salamanca*, but to *Villadolid*. However, having no more earnest business at the one than at the other, I told them, that since it was so, I would once more go to see that town, before I went into my own country.

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One of the oldest of them asking me what country I was of, and understanding I came from *Tejarez*, invited me to dinner for the country's sake, he being of *Salamanca*. I accepted the offer; and for the desert, they desired me to give them an account of my adventures, which I did without much ceremony, in as concise a manner as I could.

As soon as I began to speak of the over-turning of the cistern, they all fell a-laughing, but particularly two of them, who were more nearly concerned in the story; upon which, beginning to be a little out of countenance, the gipsie that was my countryman desired me not to be uneasy, telling me that the company did not laugh at my story, that being more worthy of admiration; adding, that since I had been pleased to give them such a full account of it, it was but just that they should pay me in my own coin, and that, no more doubting of my prudence than I had of theirs, with the company's leave he would inform me of the cause of their laughter.

They all consented freely that he might do as he thought fit, since his great experience and discretion would not permit him to exceed the rules of reason.

Know then, brother, (said he) that those who laughed so heartily are the lady and her gallant, who were affrighted out of their habitation by the deluge you sent down upon them; who may, if they please, themselves give you an account of the several chances by which they are reduced to this condition.

Upon this the *Flemish* gipsie, having obtained license, and captivating the attention of all the

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illustrious auditory with a charming voice and grave deportment, began the history of her adventures in the following terms :

“ That night I went away, or rather run away, from my father’s house with *Signior Vruetz* (who will put me right if I commit any mistake being both taken, as you have been pleased already to observe, I was put in a room that was darker than clean, and smelled liker a privy than a palace ; and he was put in a dungeon, till he should be pleased to give a better account of himself, which was soon after done by his friends who paid a sum of money for his liberty.

“ For my part, I remained in the custody of the chief captain of the watch, who being a gallant young gentleman, and I a sprightly lass, he was more a prisoner to my beauty than I was of the law, whereby it happened that my prison was my palace ; and my relations, though much displeased at my behaviour, did all they could to obtain my liberty, but to no effect ; for my amorous keeper, on the other hand, omitted nothing to detain me in his power.

“ Mean time *Signior Vruetz* roved about the prison like a setting dog, seeking an opportunity to speak to me, which he at last effected by the assistance of a trusty bawd, who drest him in her maid’s cloaths, and, to hide his beard, muffled up his chin as if he had the tooth-ach. By this means the plot was contrived for my liberty in the following manner :—A ball was to be held that very night at the countess of *Mirandola’s*, at which the gipsies were to assist, at the countess’s desire ; and *Signior Canil* (the present name

(Signior Vruetz) having agreed for their assistance in obtaining my liberty, by the happy effect of his contrivance I have ever since enjoy'd my freedom, with the addition of his good company, which is the most agreeable in the world.

"In order to that, I was very sweet upon the captain, making him as many promises as ma-ners do to St. Anthony in a storm. This obliged him to answer me in the same manner, by assuring me that he'd not refuse me any thing I could ask, except it were to deprive him of my company.

"I heartily thank'd him for his civility, and assuring him his absence would be death to me, told him that I only desired the favour of him to let me see the ball that was to be at the coun-tils of *Mirandola's*; and though he was startled at the request, not thinking it very easy to be executed, he was so deeply smitten with my beauty that he could refuse me nothing: But as the first commissary of the city (he being also in love with me) had commanded the captain and all the keepers to use me civilly, and to take care that I should not be removed without his know-ledge, my guardian was forced to carry me thi-ther in masquerade, drest like a page, in a green silk suit trimmed with gold lace, a velvet cloak of the same colour lined with yellow sattin, a cap and feather with a knot of diamonds, a ruff black'd with lace, yellow silk stockings and white black'd shoes, with a gilt sword and dagger.

"In this equipage I arrived in the hall, which was full of gentlemen and ladies extremely well dress'd, and a great many of both sexes in masquerade. Signior Canil, in a disguise, was

at my hand almost as soon as I came in, and immediately after the ball began, where many things happened which I shall omit, that I may come the sooner to a conclusion of my story.

“As the gipsies were advancing, one of them jostled against another, and some ill words ensuing, one gave the other the lye, when the latter drawing his sword, gave his adversary a blow upon the pate, which made the blood run as if he had killed an ox. The by-standers, who till then had believed it only a jest, began in a fury to cry *Justicia! Justicia!* and every one having his naked sword in his hand, I drew out mine amongst the rest, but, being a stranger to such warlike instruments, I trembled for fear of my own weapon.

“As soon as he that had committed the disorder was laid hold of, a friend of ours did not fail to acquaint the principal commissary that the captain of the watch was there, and the prisoner being immediately delivered to him, he’d gladly have taken me also, but being afraid of a discovery, he desired me to withdraw into a corner forbidding me to stir from it till he came back.

“He was no sooner gone, than taking *Signior Canil* by the hand, in an instant we were in the street, where one of these gentlemen met us, and conducted us to his quarters.

“No sooner did the wounded man observe that we were gone, but rising up when the company thought he had been dead, *Gentlemen* (said he) *hitherto all goes very well, since, thank God, I am in good health, after this little sport I have afforded to the company: and then pulling off his*

cap,

cap, he shewed them, above a steel bonnet, an
 ox's bladder, which had been fix'd in such a
 manner, that, upon receiving the stroke, the
 blood had run out without any hurt to him.

"This mightily diverted the company, all
 except the captain, who had little reason to be
 so merry as the rest, when coming back to the
 corner in which he had left me, and asking an
 old gipsey (posted there on purpose) if she had
 seen a young page with such and such marks,
 she told him, that going out hand in hand with
 another, she had heard him say, *Let's make the
 best of our way to St. Philip's.*

"Upon that information, the captain run
 thither in great haste, but all in vain; for while
 he sought for us to the Eastward, we made the
 best of our way towards the West.

"But before we left *Madrid* I took care to
 change my cloaths, and, besides all the rest of
 my equipage, I sold my coat for above 200 rials,
 and my diamond cap, string and buckle, for 400
 crowns, of which, as soon as I came hither, I
 gave these gentlemen 200, which Signior Canib-
 had promised them."

*There is the history of my liberty. If Signior
 Lazarillo is desirous to hear any thing else, he may
 freely command me, who am ready to serve him in
 any thing, as his jovial worship does deserve.*

I then very civilly thanked her, and taking my
 leave, the good old gipsey accompanied me about
 half a league. On the road, I asked him if all
 those people were born in *Egypt*.—No, not so
 much as one of them, says he. *They are thieves,
 pick-pockets, monks and nuns, escaped out of their
 prisons*

prisons and convents; but amongst the worst are those that have left their convents, excelling in wickedness, when they come to exchange their speculation for action.—After which, wishing me a good journey, he returned to his quarters, and I, horse-back upon St. Francis's mules, continued my journey to *Villadolid*.

C H A P. XIII.

What happen'd to Lazarillo in an Inn, within a League of Villadolid.

AS I went along, I was considering within myself how strange it was that the government should suffer such troops of thieves and pick-pockets, whose congregations are so many schools of wickedness and apostacy; and, among other things, I was so little inclined to believe that those of religious orders would abandon the convent for such a painful and unhappy state, that I should hardly have credited what the old man said, if he had not shewn me, a little way off, a gipsy man and woman (not in the least scorch'd by the sun) sitting under a shade, and singing verses of the Psalms. *These (says he) are a monk and a nun, who have left their monasteries to take up the austere profession of gipsies.*

At last, passing by an inn within a league of *Villadolid*, I espy'd at the door of it the old bawd and her pupil, the young damsel of *Madrid*, who had her trunk in keeping; to whom came immediately out a young gallant, to invite them to dinner. They did not know me, because of the plaister upon my eye, but I easily knew the gallant,

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lant, for carrying whom upon my back I had been so soundly beaten; and therefore I went and stood by them a little, in hopes they would give me something; but, God knows, they had little enough for themselves. The gallant, in quality of *Mayor Domo*, had been so liberal as to order for himself, his mistress and the bawd, a little bit of hog's liver, and garlick sauce, which I could easily have destroy'd in a couple of mouthfuls; the bread was as black as the napkin, and that of the colour of a chimney-sweeper's cloak. *Eat heartily, my dear!* says the spark. *'Tis an excellent dish!* And the bawd, thinking compliments out of season, made the best use of the time she could, so that in a minute they began to lick and rub the earthen dish at such a rate that they took off all the varnish.

That pitiful dinner being over, which had more excited their hunger than satisfied it, the gallant began to excuse himself, and to tell the company the house afforded no better; upon which going to the landlord, and asking him what I could have for dinner, he told me according to the money I was willing to lay out; and shewing me a piece of hog's hacket, I ask'd him if he had nothing else; then letting me see a quarter of a kid, which the gallant had refused because 'twas too dear, I accepted it in a bravado to them, and seating myself at the end of their table, 'twas worthy observation to see how they stared at me: At every mouthful I took, six eyes; for those of the gallant, his mistress, and her governess, were nail'd to my victuals.

What's the meaning of this? says the damsel. *That poor fellow has a whole quarter of a kid to himself, and we could get nothing but a miserable fricassée for three.* To which the gallant reply'd, that he had enquir'd of the landlord whether he had any partridges, capons or other fowls, and being told he had none, he thought the house afforded no better than what he had got; and tho' I knew the contrary, I had not time to inform them of the truth.

But of a sudden the kid was turn'd into adamant; for when I expected it least, their three hands were all in my dish at once. Up takes the young slut one of the best pieces, and then, *With your leave, friend!* says she, after she had eat it. *Don't take away the poor man's dinner!* says the old bawd. *Not I* (reply'd the young whore) *for I intend to pay him well for it;* and so she began to devour my victuals with as much haste and fury as tho' she had not eat for a month before. The old woman took a bit to taste if 'twas good; and then, quoth the gallant, *This dish pleases them so well, that surely there must be something extraordinary in it;* and so he fill'd his mouth with a lump as big as his fist.

When I found they gave themselves such liberties, I got up with both my hands all the bits I found in the plate, and putting them into my mouth at once, 'twas stopt so full, that not being able to move my jaws, it could neither get down nor come out again.

While I was in this posture, two cavaliers, very well arm'd, coming into the inn, gave their mules to a footman, and ask'd the landlord if he

could provide them a dinner; to which he answer'd, that they should have a handsome treat immediately, desiring them, if they pleased, to walk in the hall till it was got ready.

At the noise of their arrival, the old woman had gone to see who it was, and coming in again in a dreadful hurry, *O Lord*, (said she to the gallant) *we're undone for ever! The brothers of Clara* (for this was the damsel's name) *are at the door.*

With that the young jade began to tear the hair off her head, scratch her face, and give herself such thumps upon the breast, that one would have thought she had been possess'd; but the gallant, being more courageous, intreated them to be easy, assuring them they had no occasion to be afraid in his company. For my part, as soon as I heard of the arrival of those sectors, I thought I should have died of fear; and so I certainly should, if, when my soul came to my throat, it had not found my mouth so full of kid, that wanting a passage to get out, it was forc'd to return to its former place.

As soon as they saw their sister and the bawd, *Here they are, says one; we have catch'd them at last, and their deaths shall expiate their crimes!* These words put me in such a fright, that falling down upon the ground, my head got such a blow that it made the lump of kid, with which I was half choaked, come out of my mouth.

They both disposed themselves to fall upon the little champion at once, which he observing, lugg'd out his sword, and boldly going half way to meet them, they were at once so daunted, that standing still and gazing upon each other

like statues, the words froze in their mouths and their swords were glued to the scabbards then asking them what they wanted, and whom they fought after, and throwing himself of sudden upon one of them, and taking his sword he held the point of it to his throat, and his own to the other's face. At every motion he made they trembled like aspen leaves; so that the old bawd and the sister, seeing those bullies in such a frightsome pickle, got up from their seats, and very valiantly disarm'd them.

At last, that I might not be behind-hand with the rest, rising up like a *Hercules*, I caught one of them by the beard, and began in my own mind to compare them to the counterfeit bulls in our country; of which the children are afraid at first, but at last discovering that they are not so furious as they seem, laying aside all fear, they throw all manner of nastiness at them. Just for seeing those scare-crows were nothing less than what they pretended to be, I assaulted them with greater courage than I should have done, had I had a better opinion of their valour.

What the devil's here to do? said the landlord. *How comes such a noise to be in my house?* With that the ladies, the knight errant and myself began to cry out all at once, *They are robbers that have follow'd us to cut our throats.*

The landlord, seeing them without arms, and us victorious, thought it prudent to side with the strongest. *What (says he) thieves in my house!* and immediately taking them both by the collar, put them into a dungeon, in spite of all the reasons they alledged in their defence; and soon after

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After that their servant coming in from the stable, where he had been putting up their mules, was sent down to bear his masters company. After which, taking their portmantuas, and all their equipage and arms, he lock'd them up as if they had been his own.

He ask'd us nothing for our victuals, that we might be the more easily persuaded to sign a process which he had drawn up against them, as a minister of the Inquisition, and constable of the place, which he pretended to be; whereby he condemned them to receive each 200 lashes before his own door, and from thence to be sent to serve the king in the gallies all their lives.

From that mild sentence they appealed to the Chancery of *Villadolid*, whither the host carried them, assisted by three of his servants. But when the poor wretches came thither, instead of the ordinary judges whom they expected to be brought before, they found themselves in the hands of the Inquisition, by vertue of some malicious words their accuser had inserted in the process, which he falsely alledged they had uttered against the officers of that holy judicature; which with them is an unpardonable crime.

The poor Hectors were thrown into several dungeons, from whence there was no possibility of acquainting their father, or any other friend, with their condition; and there I shall leave them to return to the host, who meeting us on the road, inform'd us that their lordships the Inquisitors had commanded him to bring before them the witnesses mentioned in the process, but that notwithstanding, as our friend, he ad-

vised us to keep out of the way. Upon this the damsel pulling a ring off her finger, and giving it him, intreated him to prevent our appearing before their lordships, which he promised to do; but the Judas only gave us that advice, to the end that, by our evidence, his roguery might not be discovered, it being none of his first pranks.

Fifteen days after there was a public act* of the Inquisition at *Villadolid*, where, among other penitents, I saw these three poor devils with bridles in their mouths, as blasphemers that had presum'd to speak disrespectfully of the ministers of the Holy Inquisition, whose persons are no less perfect than the judgments they pronounce. Each of them held in his hand his mitre, and an inscription containing his crime and punishment.

I was heartily sorry to see the poor footman, who was paying what he did not owe; but as for the others, I had no more pity for them than they had of me.

The Inquisitors were pleased to confirm the sentence of our landlord, with the addition of 300 stripes; so that the poor wretches had 500 in all, and some odd ones to boot. After this they were sent to the gallies, where I suppose they had time and opportunity enough to pass away their fury and bravadoes.

After that I frequently met with the two females, and one day saw the young strumpet go into a bawdy-house, where she used to earn her bread, and that of her bully; the old woman following her ancient trade at the same place.

* A public execution of the sentences pronounced against offenders.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIV.

Lazarillo becomes Gentleman-Usher to seven Women all together.

I Arrived at *Villadolid* with six rials in my pocket, every one I met with being liberal in bestowing their charity, to which the paleness of my countenance and weakness of my limbs did much incite them. I went straight to a broker's shop, and for four rials I bought me an old thread-bare frize cloak, and, for half a rial more, a hat as tall as a chimney, with a large brim; and in that equipage, with a stick in my hand, I walk'd up and down the street, where every one laugh'd at me. *Here is a tavern philosopher*, says one.—*There goes St. Peter in his holiday clothes*, says another.—*Hola! Signior Ratigno!* (cry'd a third) *Do you want a little tallow to grease your boots?*—*There is*, (says a fourth) *a fellow as like the soul of an hospital doctor as one drop of water is like another.*

I had not gone far before I met a woman leaning upon a boy's shoulder, who asking me if I knew any gentleman-usher that wanted a place, I told her I knew no other than myself, adding, that if her ladyship would accept of my service, I was very ready to obey her commands.

We soon agreed. She promised me nine blances a day, and I immediately took possession of my office, by giving her my hand, and throwing my stick away with great disdain, it being now become useless, having worn it formerly only to excite compassion, by leaning upon it as a mark of my weakness.

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She sent the boy back, commanding him to tell the maid to make the dinner ready, and to lay the cloth, that every thing might be in order against she came home; and then trotted up and down a couple of hours.

At the first visit she made, she acquainted me, that when she had a mind to go any where, I ought to go before, and calling for the master or mistress of the house, inform them that *Madam Perez* (which was her ladyship's name) *desired to kiss their hands*. She likewise told me, that I never ought to go before when she was stopt at any place; to which I answer'd, that I understood the duty of a servant, and should endeavour to behave myself towards her ladyship as became me. During all this time I would fain have seen her face, but could not, she being veil'd.

Before we got to the house, she inform'd me further, that she was not to keep me alone, but that she would find out some more of her neighbours, whom I should serve in conjunction with her, and who all together would pay me the salary she had promised me, but that in the mean time she would pay me her part. And then asking me if I had a bed, and being told I had not, *Very well*, said she; *my husband is a taylor, and you may creep in with the boys; neither could you have found a better place in all the town, for before three days be at an end you shall have six other mistresses, who will give you each a blanc a day*.

I was strangely surprized at the state of this taylor's wife, who behaved herself as if she had been some lady of distinction, or at least a rich citizen's wife; and what did yet further surprize me

me was, that from seven mistresses I was to serve, I should earn but eight or nine poor blancs a day. Yet I considered this was better than nothing, and especially since it was not a laborious trade, which I ever hated like the devil, choosing always rather to eat cabbage and garlick without working, than partridges and capons with any labour.

As soon as we came home, she gave me her veil and her pattens to give to the maid; and then I saw what I desired, her face, that was not ugly, being of a pleasant countenance, a brown complexion, and good shape; the only thing about her that displeased me was the paint, which made her skin shine as if it had been the varnishing of a box. Then giving me her blanc, she bid me attend her twice a day, to see if she would go abroad, viz. at eleven in the morning and three in the afternoon. I went strait to a pastry-shop, where I soon laid out my money, passing away the remainder of the day very poorly, having before consumed all I had got in alms, and not daring to beg any more, lest it should come to my mistress's knowledge.

At three o'clock I returned to wait upon her ladyship, who told me she would not go abroad, and informed me that she would pay me only on such days as she went out, and that if she went but once, she would give me but one half of my salary; adding further, that since she gave me a bed, I ought to prefer her to all my other mistresses, and stile myself in particular her servant, which the bed well deserved, and much more. This fine bed was nothing else but the working table,

table, upon which I lay with her husband's apprentices, having nothing to cover us but an old rotten blanket, and that in a little time was torn into twenty pieces, by pulling and hauling to see which of us should have it.

Two days I passed over in such misery as may easily be imagined I should with four deniers a day; when a tanner's wife enter'd into the society, and was above an hour in agreeing with me for four deniers more: so that, in short, in five days I had seven mistresses, and six or seven blancs a day. Then I began to eat most splendidly, and to drink none of the worst, tho' none of the dearest, that I might not cut my cloak larger than my cloth.

The five other mistresses were, the widow of a bailiff's follower, a gardener's wife, another that pretended to be cousin to a Carmelite monk, and a tripe-woman, the last of whom I liked better than all the rest, because, when she gave me my blanc, she never failed to add some bit or other for the belly, nor did I ever leave her house without three or four porringers of good porridge in my guts; and thus I led a life so much to my liking, that I pray God I may never lead a worse.

As for the devout hypocrite, I had more trouble with her than all the rest, because she was continually visiting, but not continually in contemplation, loving action and motion better than idleness, and that especially in men's company. Her house was like a bee-hive, some coming out and others going in all the day long, but none of them with empty pockets, and, that I might keep their secrets, they used to give me many a good lump.

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In all my life-time I never saw a greater hypocrite than that woman, who, when in the street, never took her eyes off the ground, nor let her hands be out of her hands, but was always muttering over prayers, so that every one that saw her desired her to pray for them, believing certainly that God Almighty would hear her. Her reply used to be, that she was a great sinner; in which she did not lye, but cozen'd the world with a sad and serious truth.

Each of my mistresses assign'd her hour for going abroad, and when any of them declin'd it, I went to the next, and so on to the seventh; and being then told when I should go again, if unhappily I was but a quarter of an hour too late, my mistress would so chide me in the presence of all her family, or the family she was visiting, and threaten me so grievously, that if I did not mend my manners she would find out another usher more diligent and careful than I, that those who heard her talk with so much pride and insolence could not believe I had less than two rials a day for board wages, and thirty ducats a year at least for standing salary.

Every one of them walk'd in the street as if she had been the president of *Castile's* lady, nor could any body have taken them, by their mien, for less than judges wives at least.

It happened one day that the carmelite's kinswoman and the catchpole's widow meeting together in the same church, and being both to return home at the same time, there arose in the middle of the church a furious quarrel between them, which of the two I should first attend, and with
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so much rage did they pull me and haul me, that they tore my cloak in pieces, under which appeared a nasty shirt, as full of holes as a fishing net; and the people seeing my skin through it began to banter poor *Lazarillo*, while the rest were diverted by my two mistresses, who were teating their great grand-fathers out of their graves. For my part, I was so busy in taking up the pieces of my cloak, that I could not listen to the compliments of either, only I heard the widow cry out, *Where the devil has this baggage got all this pride, that was but Yesterday a tankard-wench; and now she ruffles it in her silks, at the expence of the poor souls in purgatory!* — How now, *Mrs. Wagtail!* reply'd the other. *What means this noise with you, to strut it out so proudly with what you earn of those that owe all their gettings to a God reward you?* *Why sure there must be a little difference still between the shepherd and his bitch!*

When I had got up the pieces of my cloak, and patch'd it together as well as I could, with the assistance of some pins I begg'd of an old pater-noster mumblen that was busy at her prayers, after the by-standers had parted their claws from one another's hair, I left them brawling in the church, and went to pay attendance on my mistress, the taylor's wife, who had ordered me to wait upon her about eleven o'clock, because she was to go abroad to dinner. As soon as she saw me in that pickle, she began chiding me at a most unmerciful rate. *What's the meaning of this?* said she. *Do you think to earn my money by coming to attend me like a beggar?* For smaller wages

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wages than I give you, I could have a gentleman's usher with a curious doublet, fine breeches, and a handsome coat and cloak; and you must tittle away after such a scandalous manner the money I give you!

What a wouady tippling (thought I to myself) a man may afford to make with seven blance a day, and sometimes not the half of the money, when my mistresses do not go abroad.

After that she ordered her apprentices to piece my cloak, which they did with so much haste, that they set on most of the pieces the wrong side outwards, and in that manner I went to wait upon her ladyship.

CHAP. XV.

What happened to Lazarillo at a Banquet.

AWAY we went, as fast as a friar invited to a good supper; for my mistress was mightily afraid that otherwise she might be too late.

Being come to her friend's house, where other women had been invited, they asked my mistress whether I was fit to keep the door, and being told I was, *Stand there, friend,* (said they) *and you shall fare like a prince to day.*

Immediately after there came in several young men, one pulling out of his pocket a partridge, another a fowl, a third a rabbit, a fourth a pair of plovers; one a piece of mutton, another a piece of beef; one a pudding, another a sausage; and

and those that were best qualified, a little pye or a tart.

When they had given all the luggage to the cook, they went to take a little recreation with the ladies, till such time as the dinner should be ready; and what passed there I shall leave the reader to imagine.

As soon as that diversion was over, the ladies eat so heartily, and the gallants drank so plentifully, that the former found room enough in their pockets for all that remained upon the table; and then the desert was served up, which came still out of the gallants pockets, and consisted of apples, olives, pieces of cheese, &c. But the worst of it was, that none of that came to *Lexarillo's* share.

However, that method of dining so near me pleased me mightily, and I resolved, in the first pair of breeches God should send me, I would have four great pockets made, one of which should be of good thick leather, for holding porridge; since certainly, if those topping 'squires brought the meat raw in their pockets, and the ladies carried it away roasted in theirs, I, who was but 'squire to a parcel of strumpets, might very lawfully imitate their example.

At last I was call'd to dinner with the servants, but the devil a bit of any thing had we more than a little nasty soup, and that too I wonder'd the ladies had not put up in their sleeves.

We had scarce begun to eat, when a terrible confusion ensued in the parlour, where our mistresses were still at table; for some of the gallants, it seems, having refused to contribute any
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Or further towards drinkables, and the ladies siding each according to her inclination, the quarrel at last resolved into a dispute between the females, about the quality of their predecessors. To words succeeded blows; and so furiously did they belabour one another, and pull each other by the hair, that a constable and some serjeants going by, and over-hearing the disturbance, knock'd at the door, and commanded those that were within to open it.

No sooner was it known that their worships were at the door, but they all took to their heels, some running one way and some another, leaving behind them cloaks, veils, hats, pattens, &c. so that every thing was still in a minute.

I, being conscious of no guilt, thought I might safely stay, and being porter, I readily open'd the door, that it might not be alledged against me that I had resisted the officers of justice. But in this I was much mistaken, for the very first that came in, taking me by the throat, bid me surrender myself prisoner; after which, making fast the door, they began to search for the authors of the tumult, leaving neither chamber, closet, garret, cellar, kitchen nor vault unvisited; but seeing they could not find a soul, they began to examine me, and I freely confessed all that I knew, from the beginning to the end.

They were strangely surprized, and so was I; that they could not find so much as one of twelve men and six women that had been there; whereupon I simply told them, that I believed
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It was nothing but spirits that had made the disturbance.

At that the company fell a laughing very heartily; but the commissary not being satisfied with the report of those he had sent into the cellar, causing a torch to be lighted, he went down himself, taking his followers with him, and seeing a tub moving up and down, his attendants cried out, *The man was in the right on't, that said there was nothing but spirits in the house,* and would have run away; but the commissary stopping them, and giving them to understand he was not afraid of the Devil, went up to the tub, and pulling off the cover, brought out a man and a woman, who had hid themselves in it, and having committed them to the custody of his men, he went on to search in other places, and found a man standing up to the chin in a great vessel of oil, who endeavouring to get out, upset the vessel, and thereby made the oil fly about amongst the officers that were there, whose clothes being grievously spoiled, they heartily cursed their trade, and gave the whores whose noise had brought them into the house to the devil.

Mean time the oily gentleman, observing that no one laid hold of him, nor would come near him, thought it good to make the best of his way off. The commissary cried out *Stop thief!* but he lost his labour, every body making way for him; so he made his escape through a back door, leaving such a stream of oil all the way he ran along, that the neighbourhood might have

have provided enough for their lamps for six weeks to come.

The officers were so confoundedly besmear'd, that not knowing who to vent their wrath upon, they fell to cursing me as the author of the disaster, and coming up, they swore by all the four Evangelists, that every soul they found in the house should be hanged. So that you may judge what a pickle we that were prisoners were in.

Afterwards running in a fury towards a sort of loft that was full of meal, one of them was so kind as to throw a whole sackful in their faces to dry the oil, by which they were so blinded that they could not see one another. The commissary made a horrid noise, and threatened them grievously for such a notorious resistance of authority. But the best on't was, that the officers who had us in keeping going off to the assistance of their master, were no sooner got amongst the rest of their comrades, but receiving their share of the flour, they were as blind as any of them, and running against each other in great confusion, most of them got broken faces and bloody noses.

While they were in this plight, we sallied out upon them all together; whereupon they ran over one another in such disorder, that we soon overcame such as offered to make any resistance, and throwing them down upon the ground, we kick'd and cuff'd them about till we were tired, and then binding them hand and foot, dragged them down to the cellar, to wallow among the dirt

dirt like so many swine, and then shutting the doors, we took our leave: nor durst they while we were there, so much as cry out for the assistance of the neighbours; for no sooner did any one of them offer to open his mouth, but he was fill'd with meal; and, that they might not complain that they wanted drink to their bread, we had taken care to pump them sufficiently before we flung them amongst the oil.

The niece of the house being afraid of her uncle's coming, after what had happened, ran away with us, and went to her father's; so that the landlord coming home from the country a night, and finding no body to open the door, in the greatest fury imaginable sent for a smith to take off the lock; and not doubting, by the confusion things were in, but the house had been robb'd, he went down into the cellar, and there finding the officers bathing themselves in his oil, he so belabour'd them with a swinging oaken stick, that he left them half dead. That done, he called in the neighbours to his assistance, and with their help they were all carried into the street, and laid in the middle of the kennel, where the children half covered them with all manner of nastiness.

The poor wretches, however, at last making shift to untie one another, ran away as if the devil had been in them, without ever offering to return to the house for their cloaks, swords and daggers, which they were deadly ashamed to have lost in such a manner; and so strange a figure did they make in running along, that the people





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people in the streets thought they were either evils or mad-men. The landlord seized all he found belonging to them, to make good his damages. For my part, finding as I went out a oak that was much better than my own, I thought fit to make an exchange, heartily thanking Providence that I once in my life came off with advantage.

From thence I went to the taylor's wife, and found her husband in a damnable fury, cuffing her about, and ready to throw the house out at the window, because she had run home without her veil and her pattens, with an hundred children running after her. I came in good time for her; for no sooner did the husband spy me, but leaving his wife, and running in a fury towards me, he gave me such a slap upon the jaws that he beat out the few teeth I had remaining, and then throwing me down upon the ground, he thump'd me so with his feet upon my belly, that I cast up the little matter I had eat. *How now, you pimp! you rascal!* said the man. *Have you the impudence to come into my house! I shall now clear accounts with you for this year's pranks and the last both together.* Then calling his servants, they tofs'd me in a blanket, till believing I was dead, they laid me down upon a table. 'Twas night before I came to myself, and then endeavouring to get up, I fell down upon a stone floor, and broke my arm.

In this situation I lay till day-light, and then going to a church door, I began with a doleful voice to ask an alms of all that went into it.

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CHAP.

C H A P. XVI.

Lazarillo turns Hermit.

AS I lay upon the ground before the church I began to revolve in my mind the manifold misfortunes of my unhappy life, since the day of my entering into the blind man's service till that very time, and plainly saw that it was not rising up early, sitting up late, and abundance of toil and labour, that maketh a man rich, but the blessing of God alone. In these contemplations I earnestly recommended myself to him and prayed that the latter part of my life might not be of a piece with the beginning.

There stood by me a venerable hermit, with a long grey beard, a staff in one hand and his beads in the other, under which there hung a mort-head as big as a rabbit's.

This good man observing my affliction, began to administer some consolation, asking me whence I was, and by what excesses I had been reduced to that extremity. Upon which, giving him a short and true account of my peregrinations, he seemed astonish'd, and compassionating my condition, invited me to his solitary habitation.

We arrived soon after at his oratory, which was in a rock about a league from the church; over-against it there was a chamber with a bed in it, and a well hard by, that watered a garden which

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which was more curious than large. *These twenty years* (said the honest hermit) *have I lived in this retirement, out of the noise and tumult of the world. This, dear brother,* (said he) *is my earthly Paradise, where I meditate on things divine and human. I fast when my belly is full, and eat when I am hungry; I wake when I cannot sleep, and again I sleep when I am weary of waking; I am all alone when I have no company, and when any body is with me I'm not alone; I sing when I'm in a merry humour, and cry when I'm sad; I'm busy when I am not idle, and when I am doing nothing I am not busy. Here I think of my former ill life, and consider my more happy condition at present; and here, in short, it is that all things are unknown, and where the knowledge of all things is attained.*

I was ravished with this discourse, and begg'd him to give me a further account of the hermitical life, which I said I thought was the best in the world. *No doubt of it,* answer'd the old father; *it is so far the best, that none can be sensible of its sweetness that have not tasted it. But now we must think of dinner, and talk of that another time.*

I then intreated him to dress my arm a little, which he did to so good purpose, that I had immediate ease; and then going to dinner, we eat and drank as heartily as any two in the parish. After this, resolving to pass the afternoon the *Spanish* way, we laid ourselves down upon the

* The Spaniards commonly sleep most part of the afternoon.

bed; but we had not been there long, when the hermit awaking in a surfeit, cried out that *he was a dying*.

At that I got up, and finding he had spoke true, I began to consider within myself, that if he should die without witnesses, I might come to be hang'd for him, which I thought would be very hard, after having escap'd so many dangers; for in the equipage in which I was at that time, I was more like a thief than a bishop, and, in case of the least suspicion, could have expected but little favour.

Out I went to see if I could meet with any body to bear witness of my innocence, and judging by a flock of sheep that were hard by that the shepherds could not be far off, I ran as fast as my broken bruised limbs could carry me, to find them out.

I had not gone far, when I found half a dozen brisk young shepherds, with each his mate; these singing, the others piping, and some of both sexes capering about under the shadow of some willow trees, upon the brink of a pleasant brook; one slumbering with his head in a wench's lap, another with his hand upon his mistress's belly.

I came up in a fright, and disturb'd their mirth with the doleful account of the hermit's condition, begging them to go with me to see him die. Upon which, agreeing to leave as many as was necessary to take care of their flock, the rest went along according to my desire, and asking the good old man if he was willing to
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die, he answer'd *Yes*. But he ly'd confoundedly, for he lived in too easy a manner to be willing to die.

But observing the old father was in a humour to say *Yes* to every thing, I ask'd him very civilly, *Whether he would not have these shepherds to be the notaries and executors of his last will and testament?* To which he answer'd, *Yes*.—Then I ask'd him, *Whether he did not make and constitute me his lawful, sole, and universal heir?* *Yes*, said the hermit.—Then said I, *Don't you acknowledge that all you do, or ought to possess, does and ought lawfully and equitably to belong to me, in consideration of the good and agreeable services I have done you?* *Yes*, said the holy man.

I heartily pray'd that word might be the last that ever he should speak; but observing he had yet a little breath, that he might not make use of it to my disadvantage, I continued my demands, taking care, in the mean time, that one of the shepherds should write all down upon a white wall with a bit of charcoal, for want of paper, pen and ink. And last of all, I ask'd him *Whether the sheepish scrivener should sign the testament for him, since he could not do it himself?* And so my kind benefactor expired, saying *Yes, Yes*.

We immediately took order for his burial, digging a hole in the garden, whither I got him carried with all the haste imaginable, and laid a heap of stones above his grave, for fear he should get up again. That good jobb over, I invited the shepherds to a share of such as my new inhe-

ritance afforded; but they very obligingly declined my invitation, because it was time to go to water their flocks.

As soon as they were gone I shut the door, and ranging about in the hermitage, I found a great jar full of excellent wine, a pitcher full of rare oil, two large pots of honey, two good fat hogs, good store of salt provisions, and abundance of confections and preserv'd fruits of all sorts.

All this pleased me very well; but I still wanted something else. I found chests full of linen, and, amongst other things, a woman's gown and petticoat, at which I was surprized very much; but what surprized me most of all was, to find such a provident man without any money. Once I thought of going to the grave to ask him; but then I imagined, in my own mind, he would have reason to think me a numscull, to fancy that in such a desert place, where he was exposed to robbers; he would keep in a chest what he valued more than his life.

That inspiration had the same effect upon me as if it had been a revelation upon the hermit's ghost. I search'd all the corners, but finding nothing, I began to consider with myself, if I had money, what place I would chuse to hide it in; then thought I, *No where so fit as behind that altar.* To it I went, and lifting away the fore-part, which was of clay dried by the sun, I spied a little chink big enough for a marvedy to pass through; and then my blood began to boil, and my heart to beat.

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Up I took a pick-axe, and at a couple of blows I laid one half of the altar even with the ground, and amongst the reliques I found an earthen pot full of money, which having told over, it amounted to 600 rials.

At such a charming sight I had almost died with joy. Out I took it in a trice, and digging a hole without the hermitage, I buried it there, that in case I should be put out of it, I might not lose what I loved best.

That done, I put on the deceased hermit's frock, and went to the city to acquaint the prior and the fraternity with what had happened, not forgetting to put up the altar as it was before.

All the fraternity was assembled that day about some extraordinary business; and finding they were of the order of St. *Lazarus*, I took it for a very good omen.

The brethren saw me already grey-headed, and of a venerable aspect, which is the principal qualification for such preferments; but, as I had lately shaved myself, it was objected by some that I had not beard enough. However, upon the testimony of the shepherds that the defunct had made me his heir, they gave me a warrant for the enjoyment of the chapel.

And now I am talking of a beard, I must tell a story I heard once from a friar, which was, That in his order they never would admit a superior that had not a prodigious beard, whereby it often happened that the most sufficient persons were excluded from that dignity, and others of

a much inferior capacity admitted, because they had thicker beards than their betters; which I thought very odd.

The brethren admonish'd me to live with the same exemplary conversation, and in the good reputation that my predecessor had acquired, who was held by every body for a saint; and I promised them wonders.

They further advertised me never to beg on *Tuesdays* and *Saturdays*, for in that case the *Mendicant* friars would punish me severely. To which I reply'd, that I should carefully obey their orders, and that, above all things, I should endeavour to keep myself out of the hands of the friars, whose faculties I was not unacquainted with.

After that, I began to beg from door to door with a devout and humble voice, as I had been taught by my blind master; which I did not do out of any necessity, but because it is the beggars custom, the more they have the more they ask, and that with the greater satisfaction.

Those that heard me beg for *St. Lazarus's* lamp, not knowing the voice, came out and ask'd what was become of *Father Anselme*; to which answering that he was dead,—*God rest his soul!* said one.—*He was such a good man, his soul's in glory!* cry'd another.—*Happy is the man that lives such a life as he!* (said a third) *In six years time he did not taste a bit of hot victuals.*—Some said he lived upon bread and water; and some foolish women fell down upon their marrow-bones to pray to *St. Anselme*.

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One of them ask'd me what was become of his frock ; and I had no sooner told her that was it upon my back, but out she got her scissars, and, without saying any more, began to cut a piece off the corner of it, telling me not to be offended at her boldness, for that she would very readily pay the damage.

Oh, (said some) he will certainly be canonized before six months are at an end, for he has already wrought several miracles! And such numbers of people came to see his sepulchre, that the hermitage not being large enough to contain them, it was thought fit to remove his body under a little shade without it. And from that time I begg'd no more there for St. *Lazarus's* lamp, but for the blessed St. *Anselme's*. For my part, I could never understand the reason of begging to light saints, who are lights themselves ; but of that I shall say no more.

I did not care for going much to the city, having all I could desire in the hermitage. However, after I had refrain'd it some time, being apprehensive the world would think me too rich, I resolv'd to do as others had done before me ; and accordingly going thither, the following mischance befell me.

C H A P. XVII.

Lazarillo resolves to marry a second Wife; and the
Success of his Amour.

IT is good for some folks that their fathers were born before them; and again, others who were born upon a dunghill, of a sudden become so rich and so great, that they do not know themselves: and if you ask whether they arrived to all that splendor by their merit and great qualifications, you will be answer'd, *No*. And if you ask by what means then, they will tell you, *By Fortune*.—Whereas, on the contrary, you will meet with discreet, prudent, and sagacious persons, who, tho' wise enough to govern a kingdom, being poor, despised, and unfortunate, are the contempt and scorn of the mob; and if you ask the reason of all this, you will be told, *It is only by their adverse fortune*.

And that same adverse fortune it is, I believe, that has ever persecuted me, designing, I suppose, to leave to the world, in the person of *Lazarillo*, a wretched example of her power and malice; for, since the world was made, there never was my fellow in it.

One day, as I was begging in the city for *St. Lazarus's* lamp (for I begged for the blessed *St. Anselme* only of such poor fools as came to pray at his sepulchre, where, as they fancied, so many miracles were wrought)—as I was
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begging, I say, one day at a door in the city, I heard a voice from the stairs, saying, *Father, why don't you come up?—What novelty is this?—Come up! Come up!*

Up I went, and on the stairs, which were pretty dark, I met a parcel of women, some of whom clasp'd me about the neck, and others taking hold of my hands, ask'd me how it came about they had not seen me these eight days; but being come to the light, and seeing by my face they were mistaken, they seem'd at first to be mightily surprized, looking ghastly upon each other, without speaking a word, till at last their silence was broke with such a hearty fit of laughter, that I thought they would have burst their sides.

The first that spoke was a little child, who looking impudently in my face, cry'd, *This is not my papa!* Upon which one of the women asking me whom I begged for, I told her for St. Lazarus.—*How comes that!* (said she). *Does any thing ail Father Anselme?*—*He is very well,* (said I) *and wants for nothing; for it is now just eight days since he died.*

When they heard that, they all began to cry faster than they had laugh'd before, tearing the hair off their heads, and making such a confounded howling, that any one would have thought it was a choir of hoarse nuns, or half a hundred cats a wooing.

What shall become of me, unhappy wretch! (cry'd one) *without a husband, or any help-mate?—Whi-*

ther shall I go? Who will take pity on me?—O bitter news! O grievous misfortune!

O my dear son-in-law! cry'd another).—My master! how hast thou left us?—O my poor grandchildren! O innocent unhappy orphans! What's become of your good father?

The children play'd the treble in this ill-tun'd concert, which compos'd a very awkward sort of music, and made me heartily sick of their company.

The next question was about the manner and circumstances of his death; to which I gave an ample answer, with an account of his last will and testament, whereby he had constituted and appointed me his sole and lawful heir. That was the worst of all; I thought they were all possess'd; their tears were turned into fury, and their lamentations into blasphemies and menaces. *You are his murderer (cry'd the youngest) and have made away with him for his money; but you shall not enjoy it long. That man was my husband, and these are his three children. If you do not deliver to us his goods, we'll have you hang'd; and if we can't compass that, there are swords and daggers enough to murder you, if you had a thousand lives.*

To that I answer'd, that I had sufficient witnesses, in whose presence the old gentleman had made his will. But all was in vain; they told me it was all forgery and villainy, and that they and twenty more would swear it; adding further, that father *Anselme* had been there in good health, the very day on which I said he died.

I then began to consider, that as the testament had not been made before a notary, these women might prove troublesome; and calling to mind the miserable success of my former law-suit, I thought I had best endeavour to preserve, by fair words and a smooth carriage, what I thought myself sure to lose at law; and besides that, being deeply penetrated with the widow's tears and charms, I wished them to have a little patience, telling them that they should not lose any thing by me, and that I had accepted of the succession without knowing that the defunct had a family, or ever having heard that hermits used to marry.

They then began to be a little better humoured, and laughing at my simplicity, they told me it well appear'd I was a novice in that employment, since I did not know that a *solitary* hermit was not excluded from the company of women, there being none of them who had not at least one companion, with whom he might employ in actual exercise the time that remained of his spiritual contemplations; it being highly unreasonable to think otherwise of persons that have a more than ordinary knowledge of the will of God, who would not have man to be alone.—And so, to conform himself to that will, the old wretch had maintained them seven, *viz.* the mother, the three daughters, and the three young bastards that called him father.

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She whom they called his wife said she would not be stiled widow of the old rotten rogue, who had not remembered her at his death, and that she could safely swear the children were none of his, and so annulled the articles of marriage.

Pray now what may these articles of marriage be? said I.

To give you a just account of the articles I made at my daughter's marriage (said the mother) you must know, that being at a town called Duenas, about six leagues from hence, where I led a dissolute and debauch'd life, having these three daughters remaining of three several fathers, who, to the best of my remembrance, were a monk, an abbot, and a friar (for I have always been devoted to the church) as soon as they began to grow big, I observed that some of my old visitors, being tired of the old ewe, wanted to be dallying with the tender little lambs.

So that, as well for avoiding that inconvenience, as by reason that I could not well subsist there any longer, I took my journey, and halting at this place, as soon as the fame of the three young sisters was spread abroad, the youth of the neighbourhood began to be as thick about them as gnats about the wine-tap.

Yet, of all those that appeared, whether young or old, I never had so great an opinion of any as of the holy father St. Anselme, who coming hither to ask an alms, and seeing my daughter, fell deeply in love with her, and asking her to wife, with his plain
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and holy simplicity, I gave her to him upon the following conditions :

I. That he should maintain our whole family ; and that what we could come at otherwise, might be for buying cloaths, or laying up for a rainy day.

II. That if my daughter (considering he began to be ancient) should admit of a coadjutor upon occasion, he should not be snuffy at it.

III. That he should acknowledge all the children of her body as his own, and in that quality should appoint them heirs of all he did or might possess ; and that if my daughter should be childless, she herself should be his heir.

IV. That he should never offer to come into the house when he should see an earthen pot in the window, as a signal his place was taken up.

V. That if another came while he was in the house, he should hide himself where we should tell him, till the other was gone.

And lastly, That he should bring us twice a week some honest acquaintance to treat all the family.

Such (added the good woman) were the articles of my daughter's marriage with that wretch, which was consummated without giving any trouble to the clergy, being told by him, that the essence of matrimony did not consist in the ceremony, but in the mutual consent of the parties.

I was so strangely surprized at the discourse of that second *Celestina*, and the unusual articles of her daughter's marriage, that I was as dumb as a fish, not knowing how to open my mouth; or what answer to make; when the widow, the more to inflame my inclinations, clasping her arms about my neck, *Ah!* (said she) *if the wretch had had such a face as this sweet angel, how dearly should I have loved him!* adding to that kind compliment a luscious kiss, which infusing into my veins a certain secret heat, I told her, that if she was inclined to end her widowhood, and thought good to accept of my service, I would not only observe the articles made with my predecessor, but what others she should think fit to add.

With that they seemed to be satisfied, requiring only that I should give them all that was in the hermitage to keep; which I very readily agreed to, but with a secret reservation of the money, which I thought fit to preserve for a fore leg.

It was agreed that the marriage should be consummated next day; and they sent a cart that very evening to carry off the booty out of my possession, not leaving so much as the linen belonging to the altar, nor the saint's garments. And so effectually was I smitten, that if they had ask'd me the *Phænix*, or the waters of the river *Styx*, I should have given them; neither did they leave any thing but a poor straw bed to lie upon.

But

But my future wife, who was come along with the cart, having been informed by the old man that he had money (though he did not tell her where he kept it) and finding none, began to be mightily out of humour, asking me whether I knew where his treasure was; to which I answer'd, *No*.

But being as sly a jade as ever *Spain* produced, taking me by the hand, she led me through all the holes and corners of the hermitage, without forgetting the steps of the altar, which observing to have been lately altered, she suspected grievously there must be something extraordinary in the matter.

And then taking me in her arms, and kissing me, *Pray tell me, my love, (said she) where this money is, that we may make a merry wedding!*— But finding I would acknowledge nothing of the matter, taking me again by the hand, she led me all about without the hermitage, and looking continually in my face, when I came to the place where my treasure lay, I could not for the life of me refrain casting my eye upon it; upon which, calling her mother, and telling her to look under a stone that lay there, she found out my precious money, and I thought I should have found my death. However, dissembling as well as I could, I pretended to be very glad of the discovery, saying, *There is enough there to mak us all very merry.*

They then shew'd me the best countenance that could be, and it growing late, they went to the city, desiring me to follow them thither
next

next morning, where the joviallest wedding was to be made that ever was heard of.—*God send it may be so!* thought I to myself, and so I passed the night between hope and fear; though, after all, I fancied it was impossible there should be any deceit under so sweet a countenance. And so, in hopes I should pass the next night in my sprightly miss's arms, I languished all that night, which seemed longer than a year.

As soon as the day began to dawn, shutting up my hermitage, I went into the city to accomplish my marriage, without so much as remembering that I had a wife already.

I got thither just as they were getting out of bed, and was received with so much joy and satisfaction, that, setting aside all fear, I began to dispose of every thing, as if the house had been already my own; and then we had so nice a dinner, and eat it with so much pleasure, that, in hopes of enjoying a better bit for my desert after supper, I thought myself half way to Paradise.

They had invited five or six of their friends to dinner, after which they fell a dancing; and though I knew nothing of the matter, they constrained me to bear them company in my hermit's apparel, which, added to my ignorance in that exercise, proved a very awkward and diverting sight.

Night being come, when we had supped well, and drank plentifully, I was led to a very handsome room, where there was a good bed, in which I was desired to lay down, while they undress'd



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undress'd my spouse, a maid being there to attend me, and pull off my stockings.

I was no sooner in bed but all the women came in, and my spouse amongst the rest in her shift, of which one of them held up the tail, while they forced me to kiss her breech, telling me *That was the first ceremony.*

Immediately after that, four of these female devils taking me by the arms and legs, lifted me up in the air, whilst four others made me fast with ropes to the four pillars of the bed, hanging me up like a St. *Andrew's* cross.

They laughed heartily to see my *propria quæ maribus*, upon which they threw a whole pail of cold water to refresh them, when making a dreadful shout, they bid me hold my peace, or else think what I was born to; and then putting my head into a great basin full of hot water, as soon as I offered to make any noise, they flogg'd me so unmercifully that I was almost out of my wits; and after having scalded off my beard, hair and eye-brows, *Now a little patience* (says one) *and the ceremonies will be over in a trice, and then you shall enjoy what you desire.*

I begg'd them heartily to let me alone, and told them I was pretty well cured of those desires; when up comes one of the boldest of them with a knife in her hand, *Hold him fast* (says she to the rest) *and I'll take care to ease the gentleman effectually of all temptations to matrimony.*

How now, Mr. Hermit! Did you fancy all we told you was Gospel? You shall quickly be undeceived!

When

When I found myself in this dangerous situation, I gave such a pull that I broke one of the bed-posts; upon which, that I might not break the rest, they were pleased to untie me, tossing me afterwards in a blanket, till they had almost toss'd my life out.

These are (said they) part of the ceremonies that precede your marriage. If you'll be pleased to come to-morrow morning, we will show you the rest.

That done, four of the whores took me up, and carrying me a good way off from their house, laid me down upon a dunghill, where the children finding me in the morning, they began to play such mischievous tricks with me, that, to avoid them, I ran into a church, and shelter'd myself just behind the great altar, where the priests were at that time devoutly singing mass.

This putting the people all in confusion, some cried out it was a devil, and some a fool; and I cry'd out I was neither fool nor devil, but a poor man whose sins had reduced him to that misery.

When they heard that, the priests returned to their places, and sung out their mass, the keeper of the vestry giving me the covering of a sepulchre to wrap about me, in order to cover my nakedness; with which withdrawing to a corner of the church, I began to consider all the misfortunes of my life, concluding that whatever course a man may take, he is liable to the malignity of his own unhappy destiny.— And therefore I came to a resolution to remain
in

s situa that church the remainder of my days, which
 of the thought (according to the miseries I had suf-
 t breasted) could not be many; whereby I should
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THAT the Reader's Curiosity may be fully satisfied, he is to be informed that Lazarillo died in his own Hermitage, soon after he had compleated the preceding Memoirs of his Life; and that he was buried in his Chapel, where is yet to be seen upon his Grave the following Epitaph:—



EPITAPH.

E P I T A P H.

Here lies

Brother *Lazarillo Gonzales*,
Surnamed *De Tormez* ;

W H O,

After having acted,

Upon the Theatre of this World,

The Personage of

A Blind Man's Boy,

Clerk to a Country Priest,

And Servant of all Sorts of Masters,

Water Carrier, Public Cryer,

Indian Merchant,

P H. Sea Monster, Gentleman Usher, &c.

Died a H E R M I T,

The 12th of *September*, 1540,

Aged 39 Years, 3 Months, and 11 Days.

R. I. P.

